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McGeachie,

Dunoon.

H.M. QUEEN MARY, WITH THE CHILDREN OF LORD AND LADY ELPHINSTONE.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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The Costs of Farming

FOOD for very serious reflection is supplied by the publication of the cost accounts for the last three years of Iwerne Minster Home Farm. Our readers have had many opportunities of making acquaintance with Mr. James Ismay's home farm. It is a good farm, according to the judgment of Mr. A. Bridges of the Agricultural Economics Institute, Oxford, who has prepared these cost accounts for three years. It is a farm from which it would have been reasonable to expect a profitable return if profits were possible. It is of an ideal composition, since it consists of 579 acres of pasture and meadowland "of excellent quality," 523 acres of arable land described as "medium loam," and 216 acres of downland, used for sheep grazing. Mr. Bridges says that "all the material for reasonable success in farming is present on this farm," and he found none of the defects to which failure in agriculture is usually traced. The land, both arable and pasture, has been intelligently maintained in a state of high fertility by fertilisers and the residues of concentrated food stuffs. Nevertheless, the result would have been disastrous to anyone not in command of sufficient capital to weather the gale. The total loss over three years has been no less than £7,009 3s. 1d. Of this loss 79.11 per cent. was incurred in 1920-21, due almost entirely to depreciation in value of stock, 13.79 per cent. in 1921-22, and 7.10 per cent. in 1922-23. Mr. Bridges makes the comment that "these are severe losses, but the Iwerne

Minster Farm presents by no means an isolated case of this kind." Anyone who knows the skill, prudence, and frugality with which the farming operations are done at Iwerne will regret this result and, at the same time, wonder how much it has been exceeded on farms less efficiently managed.

Mr. Ismay maintains a very high standard in every direction, nowhere more so than in regard to the payment of workers. The employment and wages per man in each year were as follows: In 1920-21 forty men were employed and the wages per man per annum were £148; in 1921-22 forty-two men were employed and the wages per man fell to £114; in 1922-23 forty men were employed and the wages per man were £108. Payment for labour is not the heaviest item, but the figures show what reasonable grounds the working farmer had for paying less wages during the last three years. It is unreasonable to expect that anyone who is carrying on an enterprise for the purpose of earning his own daily bread can or will pay high wages when the balance is on the wrong side. If the slump in the value of pedigree and other cattle had not occurred, the loss would not have been really heavy. A more cheerful view can be taken of the pigs department. In the words of Mr. Bridges, it "has given an excellent account of itself in the last two years." There was a loss on the first year, but it was caused wholly by the depreciation in value of stock. In the next two years profits were realised and they increased from £368 17s. 6d. in the former to £828 16s. 3d. in the latter. It may be interesting to know that the bacon pigs are mostly a cross between the Large White and Berkshire, which makes an excellent bacon carcass. The class of pig desired is round about 160lb. dead weight, and how closely the standard is maintained is shown by the average dead weight in the three years, which was, respectively, 162lb., 165lb. and 159lb. Sheep also at the present time are yielding a profit. The average value realised from sales of stock, including rams and cast ewes, was £3 15s. in 1920-21, £3 10s. 10d. in 1921-22, and £3 11s. 9d. in 1922-23. The average price per pound for 3,125lb. of mutton was 1s. 10½d. in 1920-21, for 3,183lb. was 1s. 4½d. in 1921-22, and for 3,704lb. was 1s. 5½d. in 1922-23. Wool accounted for 10.6 per cent. of the output in the first year, 10.9 per cent. in the second, and 21.7 per cent. in the third.

An interesting example of the thoroughness with which these accounts have been worked out is to be found in the cost of working horses for the year 1922-23. The cost per horse in that year was £66 4s. 10d. per annum. Each of the animals worked 2,038 hours in the course of the year, and the cost per hour was, therefore, 7½d. The time spent on feeding was 9,921½ hours, equal to 381.6 hours per horse per annum, or a little over an hour per day—summer and winter. The cost per horse for this item was £13 10s. 5d., equivalent to 20.37 per cent. of the total cost per horse. But food is the largest item in the cost of working horses, amounting to 53.45 per cent. The vet. and blacksmith between them take 6.73 per cent., the saddler 2.10 per cent., and other tradesmen 3.55 per cent. of the total cost. It will be inferred from the figures that Mr. Ismay extends to the four-footed servants of the farm the same kindly consideration that he bestows on his labouring friends.

The figures which we have quoted form but a sample of those given in the book; they are not picked out for effect, and for that reason are worthy of close reflection. It is plain that if losses such as these occur on a well-managed estate, they are certain to be severe on one that is only moderately well attended to, and were this state of things to go on, it would inevitably bring the industry of agriculture to an abrupt and disastrous close.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of H.M. Queen Mary with the four children of Lord and Lady Elphinstone, taken last week during Her Majesty's visit to Carberry Tower, Musselburgh.

* * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES

ON another page will be found a review by Mr. Charles Whibley of the first volume of the "Dictionary of English Furniture," a work regarding which it would be false modesty to conceal our pride. Volume I is the first-fruits of a long labour which, to a great extent, has been one of love. Anyone reading the text and examining the pictures will need no telling that such a work could not be produced without years of labour. Much of that labour has been given unstintedly by experts in their work, who had many calls on their energy. Judging by the results, however, it may be confidently asserted that the task was as fascinating as it was arduous. The evolution of stately furniture has been accomplished by a union of art; it is not a matter only of expert workmanship, but of form, proportion and colour. Such toil as it involved belongs to the type which is not doled out for the sake of any reward greater than that of making a much needed addition to English literature. Those pages, based as they are on the clearest evidence, will fulfil their aim if on investigation they answer to the requirements of taste and art.

THE emigration figures published by the *Board of Trade Journal* do not form very pleasant reading. At any rate, the figures showing the increase of emigrants from the skilled trades point to a great loss to this country. Men engaged in mining and quarrying have increased from 3,577 in 1921 to 7,300 in 1923. Metal and engineering show a still greater increase in the number of emigrants, from 8,016 to 24,724. Building, though one would have thought that there was need for every man at home, shows an increase from 1,345 emigrants in 1921 to 3,642 in 1923. The grand total of men over eighteen years of age has increased from 73,205 in 1921 to 130,188 in 1923. With women, on the contrary, there has been only a slight increase, the grand total of 81,522 in 1921 having risen to 82,721 in 1923. The only considerable increase is that of women engaged in domestic service, who constitute a very large proportion of the female emigrants. The destination of the Imperial emigrants in the order of their importance was, British North America, Australia, New Zealand, British South Africa. The United States took 51,821 and other foreign countries 2,911. It would not appear that the right sorts of people are emigrating. We want to have producers, especially food producers, planted on every available spot of the British Empire, but in the present situation skilled workmen and members of professions are required more urgently at home than abroad.

THE outlook for farmers, which was so bright in the early days of August, became gloomy indeed before the arrival of September. August is usually a wet month, but this year the characteristic was emphasised most unpleasantly. It has been a month of dull skies, pouring

rains, thunder-storms and high wind, every one of them most detrimental to crops and obstacles to their ripening. No one remembers a year in which the harvest had made so little progress at this date. Some of the oats were got in in moderately good condition, and a little of the barley, but very considerable quantities of wheat are still on the land, either in shock or uncut. There has been no sun to ripen the corn which is being exposed an enormously long time to the ravages of birds. Nor can the farmer console himself with the hope of obtaining good prices. In the United States and in Canada the later estimates of the wheat crop vastly exceed those issued a few weeks ago, and there will obviously be a large surplus to export to this and other countries. The only chance of amelioration of this unfortunate state of affairs is that September should produce its share of sunshine. That might make things a little better than they were.

AFTER a hard struggle with Middlesex as chief rival, Yorkshire has again won the County Championship at cricket. The result will give general satisfaction, because we all recognise that Yorkshire is a tough and grim fighter and the victories it won this year were, almost without exception, well deserved. At the same time, those whose friendliness to the Tykes has been long established cannot help feeling a little uneasy over the complaints that have been made on the conduct of players on the field. It led to a quarrel with Middlesex that might have been lasting and serious, but for the fact that it was treated with tact and good sense by the leading men of both counties. The explanation probably is that for a long time the Yorkshire team has been one of professionals, and, at the present moment the captain, Mr. Geoffrey Wilson, though a good cricketer and sportsman, is a little too much on the youthful side to check the manners of his team. For the sake of professional players themselves this is to be regretted. Several who have been great public favourites are perceptibly losing popularity because of a growing habit of worrying their opponents when they are batting. In playing a stern game silence is best, and, as a rule, should not be broken except to acknowledge some particularly fine piece of cricket on the part of their opponents. That is the sort of thing that in the past has sweetened the atmosphere of cricket.

A PRAYER.

By the side of a stream, where it sweeps in a froth to the sea;
By the side of the sea, where the eye seeks afar and in vain;
By the side of the rocks, all alone with my joys and my fears,
I stand and I think of my love.

And I think of the calm of a far away world in the mist
Of a peak, where the stream gathered strength for the falls;
And I see it now, strong, yet familiar as sun to the day,
As it washes the rocks and the ferns.

Then a prayer like a swirl of the foam overflows in my heart:
"As a rock in the stream may I lie in the swiftness of love,
Let it search every crevice, and cleanse me, and wash me away,
And lose me at last in the sea."

ROGER ARMFELT.

IT is very clear that employers of labour are growing very restive under the reiterated and increased demands of their workpeople. The latest case is that of Huntley and Palmer's biscuit factory. A number of girls went out on strike as a protest against some new regulations, whereupon the firm promptly decided to close the whole of their works, which means that about six thousand hands were thrown idle. We witnessed something of the same kind in Covent Garden, where the wages of the men are so high that they have ceased to make a rise one of their objects, but that is enough to prove that their strike was entirely unjustified. It is based upon the most frivolous reasons, and the masters were bound to reach a point at which resistance to unjust claims became imperative. Fortunately for them, the distribution of fruit can be carried on by other means than those of the market. Indeed, it might prove a blessing in disguise if greater trade were to spring

up between the consumers and the producers. Were the matter to make any effective interference with the importation of vegetables from abroad, the result would be very likely to prove beneficial in the end. It is rather a disgrace that English vegetables are not to a larger extent produced on English land. Considering the number of unemployed to-day, it seems not only absurd but wicked that Continental growers should do the work which might be accomplished by hands that are going idle and which, therefore, are a burden on their country.

CHESS has lost a very outstanding figure in the person of Mr. J. H. Blackburne, who died at his home at Lewisham on Monday morning at the ripe old age of eighty-three. He was, without question, the most brilliant player that this country has produced. At the Berlin tournament in 1881 he was nicknamed "Der Schwarze Tod der Schachspieler," and he did indeed look the part when silently yet alertly examining a crucial position. No one could be certain of following his mental process or correctly guess the move which he would hit upon. Unfortunately, his fruitful invention was not backed by "sitzfleisch." He did not analyse with the patience of a Steinitz, Tarrasch and other creatures of the Vienna school, but depended more on instinct than calculation. Many of his deepest combinations were made when he was playing a dozen players or so blindfold. That meant such an extraordinary concentration that when playing blindfold he could neither smell nor taste. He told a capital story about it. He was in a room by himself, to which a small boy brought the moves. Beside him was what he imagined to be a jug of water and a jug of whisky, but it was in the days when whisky was very light coloured, and someone had accidentally filled both vessels with the intoxicant. In his usual way, he took a sip of whisky and every now and then filled up his glass with water, as he thought, but not being able to taste or smell, he did not understand that he was adding whisky every time. The consequence was that he fell so fast asleep that the boy could scarcely awaken him; and when he did it was to play the worst possible move on the board, one that would have lost him his queen save for the caution of the Lancastrian player, who thought that he was concealing one of his wonderful methods in this way, and the queen was not taken and Blackburne won.

ANOTHER story may be related to show his extraordinary memory; it occurred when the late Sir George Newnes opened what were then the new premises of the City Chess Club. When Sir George arrived, Blackburne was in the middle of a blindfold display against twelve boards, which were hastily put away till the ceremony was over. Blackburne contributed a speech and had a whisky and soda. When Sir George had left, someone suggested that the games should be renewed, but the objection was made that the pieces had been placed in their boxes and the positions had been lost. "Never mind," said Blackburne, "set the men and I will call out the moves." (We believe twenty-five had been made, but do not remember exactly.) This was done, and Blackburne proceeded to call out the moves of each board till every player had before him the exact position as it was when the interruption took place. Blackburne then proceeded to win all his games, a most astonishing feat of memory as well as of chess.

A GREAT journalist has passed away in the person of Mr. H. W. Massingham, who died suddenly at Tintagel last Thursday afternoon at the age of sixty-four. He had a brilliant career, which began when, at seventeen, he became a reporter on the Eastern Daily Press and culminated in his editorship of the *Nation*. He was one of the most eloquent and persuasive journalists of his time. He held extreme views and was an unrelenting enemy of anyone to whom he took a dislike, and yet he never lost the art of interesting even when he could not persuade. Many of his views would have sounded absurd if they had come from lips less eloquent, and one has often put down the *Nation* without knowing exactly whether it excited admiration or dissent. No man can fill two opposite posts at the same time, and it was unlucky for Massingham that he could not altogether

delegate the business side of his journalism to a competent hand. It may be a calamity of the time, but it is true, nevertheless, that monetary success is the only success that appeals convincingly to this generation. If Mr. Massingham had been at the head of a great daily paper, his defect would not have mattered much because the business side in a very large concern is under its own responsible management. The changes in the personnel of the *Nation* which left him outside were a cause of disappointment to those who have the freedom of mind to be able to esteem good writing even when it goes against their conviction. Mrs. Asquith, in a conversation which she recorded in her memoirs, remarked that Massingham's articles were not journalism, but literature, or words to that effect—we are speaking from memory. She was right, and the name of Massingham will long be held in esteem by men of letters whatever their politics.

IN the course of a letter about our note in our issue of last week on the slaughter of wild animals, Miss Frances Pitt sends us an account of what she herself witnessed, which would be ludicrous if it were not so stupid. The story is that of a man who went out with his gun, and seeing two strange birds on a pond shot them both. One proved to be a common tern and the other a cormorant, both of them driven inland owing to the bad weather. He shot them because he did not know what they were, and it would have been just the same had they been rare species. Occurrences of this kind are very frequent, and the only precaution against their recurrence is to make sure, through education in natural history, that the young people do not grow up so ignorant in those matters as their elders.

ANNA PAVLOVA.
LE CYGNE.

The lights burn like a single star,
The curtain rising shows the stage
In moonlit night, where shadows are
And rustlings as of foliage,
And glassy shine of waters dark,
Where lilies lie at anchorage.
A gentle wind is stirring—Hark,
Heard you its murmur in the reeds,
That plaintive strain and did you mark
The wavelets lapping in the weeds?
Over the surface sails a swan,
Beneath, another swan recedes,
As she advances, white and wan,
Unearthly, half a mortal thing,
Half spirit, eager to be gone.
So faintly lifts each tired wing,
So tremulous its silver light,
Her gliding presence seems to bring
Pause to the beating heart of Night:
And all is stilled to watch the shimmer
Of plumage floating spectre-white.

Music and life and light grow dimmer. . . .
She moves. . . . She moves no longer. . . . No!
'T is ended now. . . . A fitful glimmer
Reveals a white shape lying low—
As moonbeams strike on a mountain-crevice
A sun-forgotten drift of snow.

H. BIRKHEAD.

WHAT we have advocated for a long time about Wollaton Hall and park has come about at last. The Corporation of Nottingham have purchased both for £200,000. This is a transaction that the Corporation are never likely to regret. They attach very great importance to the deer park as a site on which their building programme can be carried out. In the past, Nottingham have done well in regard to maintaining a good standard of building, and we may be sure that they will not neglect this aspect of the matter as regards the park. Wollaton Hall itself is a noble, historic mansion of the Elizabethan period and belongs to a class of house which few people in a private position would be able to live in. It will, however, serve splendidly for a great art centre or some kindred purpose for Nottingham.

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THE new part of the Oxford English Dictionary is before us. It deals with words beginning with "un," from "unforeseeing" to "unright," and is edited by W. A. Craigie, M.A., LL.D. It is an example of the fulness which has distinguished this dictionary throughout. That may best be seen from a comparison between Dr. Johnson's and some recent dictionaries. Covering the same ground, the words recorded by Dr. Johnson are 609, by Cassell's "Encyclopædic" and Supplement 1,742, by the "Century" Dictionary and Supplement 2,232, and by Funk's "Standard" 2,249, but in the new English Dictionary 4,535. The words illustrated by quotations are very nearly in the same proportion, while the number of quotations are far more than in any older dictionary. Dr. Johnson was very

liberal with 1,220, Cassell's with 1,700, and the "Century" with 1,570, but these are insignificant figures in comparison with the 18,211 of the present work. In a prefatory note it is pointed out that of the words beginning in "un" by far the greater number belong to the negative class, and a negative is, if we may say so, rather duller than an affirmative; but this will not prevent the lover and student of words from recognising the thoroughness with which this work has been done. The most interesting word of the group, etymologically, is "unless." In it the "un" is an alteration of the preposition "on." From the quotations illustrating this we select a fifteenth century one: "Robert wil not suffre hym to be laten to baile on lasse than he will make . . . a generall acquytaunce."

A DICTIONARY OF FURNITURE

BY CHARLES WHIBLEY.

The Dictionary of English Furniture from the Middle Ages to the Late Georgian Period, by Percy Macquoid and Ralph Edwards, with a general introduction by H. Avray Tipping. Vol. I (A—Ch). £5 5s. Large folio, with 553 illustrations in half-tone and nineteen colour plates. (COUNTRY LIFE, Ltd.)

MR. AVRAY TIPPING, in his introduction to this noble and erudite work, describes it as "a labour-saving book." It is a labour-saving book, and much else. It is a storied record of comfort and magnificence. It presents to us, in abstract, many centuries of social life. To illustrate an age from which no furniture survives, an ingenious resort has been made to illuminated manuscripts, while extensive use has been made of contemporary literature and household accounts to trace its origin and development. It is, or should be, a source of pride

to all of us that the many masterpieces here pictured were the work of English minds and English hands. It will come as a surprise to many that it was English craftsmanship that achieved, for instance, the superb lacquer work illustrated in some of the colour plates of this book. Moreover, we have in these pages an outline, easily filled up, of the surroundings, plain or palatial, according to time and place, in which our forefathers lived. A poverty of invention compels us, in these dull times, to depend upon the past for the adornment of our houses, and we may take comfort in the truth here illustrated that England has hitherto escaped the ravages of war, that, in spite of revolutions, bloody or bloodless, there survive unnumbered houses well stocked with the gathered treasures of the past, which, houses and treasures alike, exhibit an unbroken tradition from the middle ages to the experiments of "Anastasia" Hope.



RICHARD II FEASTING.
Reproduced from an illuminated manuscript to show the use and character of mediæval furniture.

Robert Adam, in a letter to a client, speaks of "the parade of life." It is a fine phrase and worthy the great artist who made it. Indeed, there are few things comparable with "the parade of life." He is but insensitive who cares not to have fine furniture about him. Even the decent cave-man cherished an ambition of keeping his cave neat and clean, and in the Middle Ages, when benches and tables were of plain, undecorated wood, he was a poor housekeeper who felt no pride in the stout simplicity of his house. In Tudor times, when the love of splendour and comfort was generally diffused, there were few content with mean surroundings. Harrison, in his "Description of England," points with satisfaction to the houses of his

the spreading downward of luxury. "The furniture of our houses also exceedeth," he writes; "it is growne in manner even to passing delicacie: and herein I doo not speake of the nobilitie and gentrie onlie, but likewise of the lowest sorte, that have anything at all to take to. Certes, in noble man's houses it is not rare to see abundance of Arras, rich hangings of tapistrie, silver vessels, and so much other plate, as may furnish sundrie cupboards to the summe oftentimes of a thousand or two thousand pounds at the least." It was the same likewise in the houses of knights, gentlemen and merchantmen, who boasted "great possession of tapistrie, Turkie work, pewter, brasse, fine linen, and there to costlie cupboards



A CHARLES II BLACK AND GOLD LACQUER CABINET AT THE VYNE, HANTS.

time, which were plain outside, fine inside. "This also hath beene common in England," says he, "contrarie to the customs of all other nations . . . that many of our greatest houses have outwardlie beene verie simple and plaine to sight, wh: inwardlie have been able to receive a duke with his whole traine, and lodge them at their ease." And not only were the English houses fine and spacious inside, they were furnished with becoming magnificence. Those that had not beryl or crystal for their windows, had clear glass fetched from Burgundy. And what gave the worthy Harrison the liveliest pleasure was to see

of plate." Nor did the artisans and farmers fall behind this high standard. They, too, had "learned to garnish their cupboards with plate, their joined beds with tapistrie and silke hangings, and their table with carpets and fine naperie." And none was better pleased at the spectacle than Harrison. "Neither doo I speake this in reproach of anie man," said he, "God is my judge, but to show that I do rejoice rather, to see how God hath blessed us with his good gifts."

Thus, when Queen Elizabeth was on the throne, the English, of whatever class, took a praiseworthy interest in their houses and

Sept. 6th, 1924.
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their furnishings. Then it was that the custom began for men to treasure their possessions and to hand them down to their children. And it is at the Tudor age that *The Dictionary of English Furniture* begins its effective work. Before that age we have to do with what seems to be archæology. The classical tradition had been wholly lost, and furniture, like much else, had to be evolved afresh out of rude materials. The earliest fashioners of furniture had to face a problem, which has not confronted their successors. They were asked to make things which were at once portable and impervious to wear and tear. If you turn in the Dictionary to the article, "Chair," you may find an epitome of the whole history of furniture. From the article "Chair," which closes the present volume, you may infer how the "table" grew, and many another article of common use. Until the end of the Middle Ages the chair of comfort and luxury was seldom seen. It was the proper symbol of rank and authority. It became prelates and Kings: it was not for the use and case of common men. So rare an article was it that at the Vyne, in 1541, there were fifty-two rooms and only nineteen chairs—a very scanty proportion. And even when they became more numerous, chairs were still used, the Dictionary tells us, ceremoniously and reverently. The masters and mistresses of great houses were content to sit on benches, settles or chests. When Cosmo III visited Wilton in 1669, the Earl of Pembroke had only one chair set at the dinner table, until the duke, being a courteous gentleman, insisted that another chair should be set for the countess.

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And when at last the masters and mistresses ceased to stand in awe of chairs and began to look upon them as articles of comfort rather than of ceremony, they were designed in many styles and after many patterns. The fashion of their making travelled from Holland to France, from France to England. At had then no boundaries, it has few now, and England and France exchanged influences in furniture as freely and generously as they exchanged influences in poetry. The solid flamboyance of the reign of Louis XIV was soon dis-
cernible in the work of



AN OAK BOX OF THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE STYLE, 1550.



THE ELABORATE CARVING OF AN ELIZABETHAN BED.
(From Ockwells Manor, Berks.)



THE DETAIL OF A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CARPET FROM KNOLES.
A rare example of English textile workmanship.



A CHAIR IN THE GRANDIOSE STYLE WHICH PRECEDED CHIPPENDALE, 1725.

English chair-makers, until the more quietly chastened elegance of Louis XVI intervened. There remain the men of genius to be accounted for, and such men of genius as Thomas Chippendale and Robert Adam are strong enough to withstand the strongest influence. If they borrowed a form here or an idea there, they were able, being themselves, to turn it to their own separate purpose. Their activity marks what may be called the golden age of English furniture.

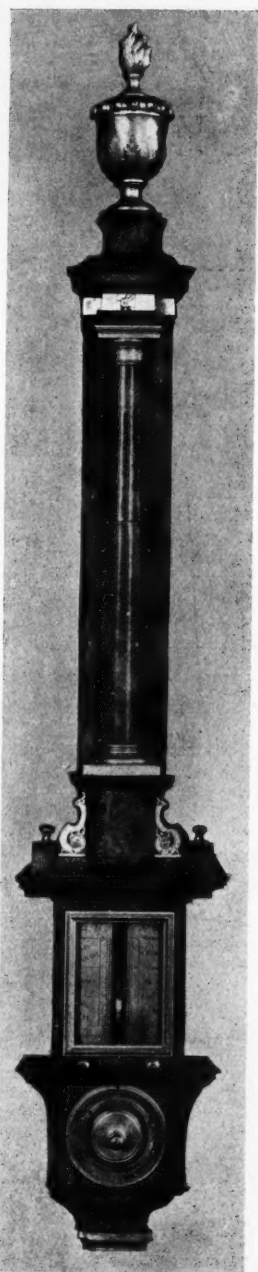
Different they were in style and expression, and each was a master. They had the good fortune to appear at the proper time, when there was a keen demand for their masterpieces, and when the prevailing wealth made possible the building and decoration of great houses. The Dictionary tells us that Chippendale owed a debt to the French, and that, though Marot departed from England about 1700, he left his influence behind him. "But," to quote the Dictionary, "with Chippendale's strong perception of the beautiful, facility in carving, and power of adaptation, it was only natural that he should add Louis XV motives to those already existing in England, thus

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introducing a new dish to an ever-greedy public, hungry for anything with a French flavour." And the Dictionary makes an apposite quotation from the *London Magazine* of November, 1738, when Chippendale was already at work, a quotation which explains the temper of the time. "The ridiculous imitation of the French taste," says the Magazine, "has now become the epidemical distemper of this Kingdom; our cloathes, our furniture, nay our food, too, all is to come from France."

Robert Adam incurred another debt. He went to Italy for inspiration,



A TOMPION BAROMETER FROM HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

and brought back with him the beautiful simplicity of classical design. When you compare his delicacy with the overblown exuberance of Kent, you recognise how wise was the inevitable reaction. The lightness of Adam's style is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. The firmness with which he cut away all that seemed irrelevant is beyond all praise. He was, and he remains, the supreme master of the English School. He set an example, which, happily, was



A GEORGIAN CONCEIT FOR A BIRD-CAGE.

widely followed, and when Hepplewhite confessed that it was his ambition "to unite elegance with utility and blend the useful with the agreeable," he had in his mind the sound fashion which had been set by Chippendale and Adam.

The history of furniture is, then, the same history of style and taste as may be seen in the greater arts. It changes from simple to complex, then from complex to simple again, like architecture itself. There is no piece of furniture too small to carry upon it the mark of its age and style. Look at the beautiful specimens, which you will find under "Bird-cage" in the Dictionary, and see how rightly the artist appreciated the necessity of keeping his work within the limits of its time. I would rather see bird-cages empty than employed as gilded prisons for "birdes



A BUFFET ILLUSTRATING THE SOLID MAGNIFICENCE OF JACOBEOAN FURNITURE. (From Arbury Hall, date 1637.)

that men in cages fede." But as specimens of handicraft they are exquisite, and one of them has suggested to the authors a happy quotation from Webster, which everyone will be glad to recall: "Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body; this world is like her little turf of grass."

The Dictionary of English Furniture deals with the past and with the past alone. After Hope's brave attempts in the Pompeian style there came the factory, which turned out articles in all existing styles (and many others) to the taste of the purchaser. The few craftsmen who in our time have made chairs and tables have not dared to take themselves and their craft away from the eighteenth century. We seem to be content to reproduce ancient models and to add nothing to them of our own. From the reign of Elizabeth to the beginning of the nineteenth century there was, for good or evil, a continuous progress. About the year 1800 the progress ceased. In vain have international exhibitions exposed to

the whole world its poverty of invention. They have proved neither incentives nor useful warnings. Men of taste have ceased to look for inventors. They are content, perforce, with those who knew where and how to collect the masterpieces of old. And while the old houses of England, an imperishable possession, have guarded jealously the treasures which have always enjoyed their shelter the new houses are filled with the ransacked spoils of the past. So they have the air not of dwellings, but of museums. The fault lies higher up than in the designing of furniture. Were architecture a living art which did not go back for inspiration to an arbitrary date, but which belonged to a still unbroken tradition, we might expect a fresh beauty in our furniture. The fresh beauty still evades our search, and we lay aside this first volume of *The Dictionary of English Furniture* with the sad reflection that nobody, three centuries ahead, will be able to make a dictionary of the chairs and tables and book-cases that are made to-day.

SOME NOTES FROM ST. ANDREWS

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

WHEN this article appears the final of the Jubilee Vase will be being played. That I cannot write about, not having the gift of prophecy, but it is always so pleasant to be at St. Andrews again that I cannot refrain from writing about that noble course, however old the theme. And, indeed, there is something almost new to say about it at the moment, because it is almost a new course. It is delightful golf, but it is not the usual golf. If it were not blasphemous to say so, I should say that it is at the moment very nearly inland golf. There has been so much rain, as there has been everywhere else, that the ground is very slow and heavy, covered with a thick coat of grass and also with a good deal of clover. The player's best friend at the moment is his mashie niblick. If he is confident and has the touch of this modern maid-of-all-work of a club, he can do things with it which even to attempt would normally be deemed profane, indecent and insane. He would never dream to-day of playing the old running shot up to the third hole when he can pitch and stop there with ease. With a shade of adverse wind to assist his fell purpose he can even pitch and stop on that narrowest of plateaux at the twelfth. And he can do the same at the seventeenth, which for the moment has lost many of its traditional terrors. There really is no reason in the world why, if he keeps his head and thinks of the hole as it is and not as it used to be, he should not get a comfortable and untremulous five. It is said that one of the most typical and loyal of St. Andrews golfers, on hearing it alleged that the ground was not very good in front of one of the greens, remarked, "Ah! but you should keep the ball up in the air as the Americans do." What are we coming to?

However, nothing can possibly spoil St. Andrews. It is still splendid golf, only rather a different kind of golf from what one expects. The greens, if slower than usual, are beautifully true. A little of this inlandish character is inevitable nowadays, since the true, old-fashioned seaside course, sandy, bare and keen, could never stand the amount of play which St. Andrews has to put up with. The quite abnormal softness and slowness have only been caused by the abnormal rain, and will soon pass with the sunshine—if we ever have any again. Of course, everybody's play is agreeably flattered by this state of things. True, there is not much run on the ball and the holes are consequently long, but to anybody who can hit a ball even reasonably hard there is more than ample compensation in the comparative easiness of the approaching. In four-ball matches, at any rate, when we are not all on our oath as to holing the short putts, remarkably low scores are constantly being done, and 74's and 75's are not nearly so brilliant as they sound. I do not know whether I have been exceptionally lucky, but it seems to me also rather easier to do a good time round the course than it usually is in August. I am sure I have seen more people here, though goodness knows there are plenty, and on my first day on the links our four-ball match managed to get round in 2 hrs. 48 mins. One is so accustomed to regard, quite placidly, three hours as a matter of course, that this really seemed like an Olympic record.

I have done one thing which always needs a certain amount of resolution. I tore myself away for one whole day from the charms of St. Andrews to visit two other courses which it should be part of a golfer's education to see, namely, Carnoustie and Barry. Carnoustie is an old course; Barry, which is the private property of the Panmure Club, a comparatively new one. A Scottish friend quoted to me an agreeable passage from the Panmure Papers about an old golfer of the sixteenth century, one Robert Maule, who "exercisit at the gowf upon Barry Links, when the wadsie was for drink." ("Wadsie," I should explain, means wager.) But the links upon which this jovial

gentleman played must have been those of Carnoustie and not the modern Barry. Moreover, the Barry burn is one of the features of the Carnoustie course. Carnoustie has produced some famous families of golfers, such as the Simpsons and the Smiths, and on the day I was there Macdonald Smith, whom we have come to regard almost as an American, was playing on his native links. In some ways, I confess to have been just a little disappointed in a course of which I have heard all my life. It seems, for instance, a great pity to build up ramparts of an inland character—and old-fashioned inland ones at that—on a true seaside course, and this has been done in several places. Again, some of the greens seem to have been rather gratuitously placed in hollows when in that pleasant wavy country there was higher and better ground available. However, it is, perhaps, arrogant to criticise on so short an acquaintance, and it is in many ways an interesting course. No orthodox Scottish course is without its burn, but I never saw one with so many burns as Carnoustie. Strictly speaking, there are only two, the Barry burn and Jockey's burn, with possibly a tributary streamlet or two, but these two burns wind so cunningly that they appear ubiquitous. Jockey's burn is not an imposing one. It is quite narrow, though wide enough to engulf many balls; indeed, I jumped over it like an impudent English Remus. The Barry burn, though it does not come in so often, is much larger and more impressive. There is a famous hole, bearing the name of South America, where the burn makes almost an island of the green with its windings. It is most serpentine of all at the sixteenth. Here we carry it—or can carry it, if we hit the ball—twice in a single shot, for it is straight in front of our noses on the tee and then meanders round to catch us again at a range, as I should judge, of 170 yds. As it is also quite easy to hook into it, the Barry burn certainly does its bit as a hazard at that hole. There are one or two most engaging holes, the second, for instance, and the fourteenth, and everywhere one must drive straight, for there is plenty of rough at the sides with pretty little patches of pink heather, and also, at one or two holes, an ominous wood of dark firs; but I cannot help thinking that some modern and ingenious maker of bunkers could do wonders there.

Barry is, by comparison, very quiet and solitary, and the ground seemed almost too soft from the lack of trampling feet. It begins badly on some dull, flat ground with bunkers that my host described as Early Victorian, but very soon we got into a country of whins and broom, and bluebells (of the Scottish variety), rushes and bents, fine undulating country and uncommonly fierce rough. This middle part of the course seemed to me extraordinarily attractive—not too long, nor too difficult for a straight hitter, but full of seductive qualities. There is one fine mountainous hill over which we drive at the sixth hole. It has the pleasant name of "Lucky Daddy," which, so I am informed and believe, means grandfather in the Scottish language. It is said that the hill was so called because when the young people were out minding the cows the grandfather of the family would climb to the top of the hill at eventide and give them the signal to come home. Perhaps this derivation was invented by some romantic antiquary, but I hope it is genuine. There is a burn at Barry, the Buddon burn, but it is comparatively insignificant and only comes in at one or, at most, two holes. One has not the same feeling which we have at Carnoustie of playing in a Mesopotamia.

Next door again to Barry comes Monifieth, which has the same rough and the same nice, billowy country, but I could do no more than take a general survey of it from the road, and then back to St. Andrews, feeling sure that, however engaging these other courses might be over which I had been roaming, there was no place like it. If I must pitch into a burn, then the Swilcan is the one I shall choose.

BRITISH-AMERICAN YACHTING CONTEST

By FRANCIS B. COOKE.

WHEN the liner Aquitania sailed for New York on August 16th, she carried on her deck four little yachts which will represent this country in one of the most sporting international contests promoted of recent years. Although, owing to the small size of the craft engaged, the racing for the British-American Cup may lack the glamour that attaches to the historic America Cup, the event from a sporting point of view is far more interesting. It owes its inception to a happy idea conceived by a few prominent American yachtsmen who, in 1920, issued a challenge to British yachtsmen for a contest between teams of yachts representing the two countries on terms that should be as fair to both sides as it was possible to make them. With that end in view it was arranged that the competing vessels should be designed and built under the international rating rule that had just been adopted by our Yacht Racing Association. As the formula had not at that time been built to, it was *terra incognita* to the designers of both countries, and so neither derived any advantage from previous experience of the rule. In all other respects the conditions drawn up were equally fair to both parties. Of course, the country in whose waters the races were sailed would reap some slight benefit from local knowledge of the set of the tides, and to equalise matters in that respect it was decreed that the contests, which were to be held annually, should take place in British and American waters alternately.

The first contest took place in the Solent in 1921 and resulted in a somewhat easy victory for the British team. Great Britain on that occasion had everything in her favour as our boats were sailing over courses with which the helmsmen were familiar, and the selection committee had a large number of yachts from which to choose the team after searching preliminary trials. The Americans, on the other hand, had to rely upon the only four yachts of the rating that had been built in the States, where the international rule is not in general use.

The following year, when the venue was changed to the States, the American yachtsmen made strenuous efforts to turn the tables on their opponents. They built a fleet of sixteen of these six-metre craft from which, after trial matches extending over some months, they were able to select a very strong team. The contest, which took place in Oyster Bay, was a remarkably

fine one, victory ultimately going to America by the narrow margin of seven points. The success was well deserved as the Americans had left no stone unturned in their efforts to attain it. The British yachtsmen, however, did not return home altogether empty-handed, as Coila III, one of the team, captured the Seawanhaka Cup, which had been held by America for many years.

In 1923 the contest again took place in the Solent. The Americans brought over a carefully selected team of craft representing the best designing talent in the States, but the boats were unsuited to the strong winds and rough water which for the most part obtained throughout the racing and they were rather badly beaten by the British team, although the racing was really keener than the points score indicated.

In the coming contest, which will take place in America early this month, the British team is evidently up against a very stiff proposition. No fewer than eight new yachts have been specially built for the event in the States, and these, with eight of the old boats, have been racing throughout the summer with a view to the selection of the strongest team possible. And they will, of course, have the advantage of sailing in home waters when they meet the British team. Our selection committee, on the other hand, have not had very many craft from which to choose a team. It is true that we have a very strong class of the boats, but comparatively few are available for the contest. To take a boat across to America for the British-American contest costs an owner from £1,250 to £1,500, while the time occupied is something like seven weeks, and comparatively few owners of six-metre boats are in a position to make such sacrifices. Moreover, we have had to keep at home yachts to defend the Seawanhaka Cup, which Coila III did last Saturday, and the One Ton Cup for which other countries challenged this year. In the circumstances the team of yachts which has gone to New York is probably the best that could be got together and, although it will probably suffer defeat, it may be relied upon to put up a good fight. The British team comprises Echo, designed by her owner, Sir T. C. Glen Coats; Zenith, Mr. J. Lauriston Lewis; Betty, Messrs. Haldenstein and Newman; and Thistle, Lady Baird. The last three mentioned were all designed by Fife. Echo and Zenith are new boats built this year, while Betty and Thistle were launched in 1923. None of the four has previously competed in



Beken and Son. MR. LAURISTON LEWIS'S ZENITH.



LADY BAIRD'S THISTLE.

Copyright.



BETTY, OWNED BY MESSRS. HALDENSTEIN AND NEWMAN.

this contest, but all have taken a prominent part in racing in home waters. Lady Baird is probably the first lady who has ever competed in an important international yachting contest. She has gone to New York with her boat, but Thistle will be steered by Mr. Granville Keene, who has long been regarded as one of the most expert helmsmen in the Solent district.



Beken and Son.

ECHO, DESIGNED AND OWNED BY SIR T. C. GLEN COATS.

Copyright.

A pleasing feature of this contest is the fine sportsmanship displayed by everyone concerned ever since its inception. In team racing of this nature, when a helmsman does his best not only to beat his opponents, but also to impede them by the employment of every legitimate means in his power, it is the easiest thing in the world for bad feeling to arise. But in the eighteen matches that hitherto have been sailed, there has never been the slightest suggestion of unpleasantness. This speaks volumes for the good-natured sportsmanship of all engaged and it may safely be said that no other international yachting contest has done so much to foster friendship and good-fellowship between the sportsmen of two great nations.

LAWN TENNIS: A PLEA FOR SELECTORS

WHAT would you do if you were elected to a Selection Committee? If you were a wise man, you would refuse to serve; but if you were a wise man, you would not be elected—that is abundantly proved by the comments made about selectors. So let us assume you elected and willing to serve; let us also assume you honest. It is not offensive to make this proviso, for, for some obscure reason, however unblemished may be the reputation of the selector in private life, no sooner is he appointed than his integrity is questioned. Suppose the signals that it is understood Mars is now making to us turn out, when decoded, to be a challenge to a lawn tennis match and that you are required to choose a man and a woman to represent the Earth from among those who have recently played in Europe. Mlle. Lenglen is to be regarded as unable to make the journey, and it is part of the problem that nothing definite is known about the court except that it is to be a neutral court. You would have to choose your player for his or her general capacity, and how would you set about it? If you cannot answer the question confidently and off-hand, you will be more tolerant in your comments on selectors in the future. Lawn tennis correspondents have practice at this game of selecting the best player, and they have the use of a crib—the result. If we leave flukes out of account, the winner of a particular match has been the better player in that match because he or she has been more successful in winning the decisive points. The report of the match must square with this or it is a false report. But where the players have been equally matched, competent reporters will admit in private that they did not know where the match was won in point of general capacity; they will know, of course, the effect at a crisis of a fozzled smash or of a successful passing shot taken on the run at the base-line at a 6in. target. But exceptional strokes, good or bad, do not affect general capacity—because they are exceptional. Winning is an indication of general capacity, for, however luckily achieved, it indicates that ability to play a winning game which is more valuable and quite as rare as the ability to play a losing game—you are not likely to win if you can play your best only when you are so far behind as to feel that there is nothing at stake. But results will not help to the selection of the players to meet the Martians. It is not possible to separate Miss McKane and Miss Wills on results, and we have no line on Miss Ryan. It is the same with the men. After Wimbledon the decision would have lain between M. Borotra and M. Lacoste, and then came the Olympic meeting and two other finalists—Mr. Richards and M. Cochet. Unless some great superiority is indicated by the results, the selector has to go by his instinct. What happens in the judging of skating suggests that if there were no results to keep selectors more or less on the right track there would be many more than four players put forward for the honour of playing the Martians. In a figure skating competition victory is decided by opinion, and not by points won in accordance with undisputed fact as at lawn tennis. (In this connection the occasional aberrations of umpires and linesmen may be ignored.) It is skilled and honest opinion, but humanly fallible and affected by all the prepossessions and prejudices of this and that school of teaching. There are five or seven judges, and the victor is the skater who, after a complicated comparison of the marks given by the individual judges, is made out to be the best according to their collective opinion. A judge is delighted with himself if the order on his card corresponds with the order finally arrived at—and it does not often happen at a meeting where the general standard is high. The unsuccessful judge who is found to have differed widely from the verdict is as much disappointed as an unsuccessful competitor, for his *amour-propre* is equally involved, and you will hear him asserting that the other judges overlooked some small points which affected his marking. He is usually right; the judge who has hit off the final order will probably tell you that he judged on broad lines. There are so many points that are comparatively unimportant that if the judge insists on looking about for them all he will mis-estimate the few that are essential. So let us be gentle with our selector if the Martians win. He chose Miss Wills because she was sure and M. Borotra because he was fast: he could not tell what the Martians would be up to. E. E. M.

PERCHERON HORSES AT WORK



"COUP DE COLLIER."

DRAUGHT horses really look their best when at work. They are finest when displaying their natural quality of strength, as greyhounds are when coursing and birds are on the wing. And of draught horses none are more beautiful to watch at work than percherons; the more so that they are given every opportunity of showing what they can do, for Frenchmen expect more and rougher work from their horses than we do in England.

Percherons, which do most of the heavy work in and around Paris, have long been known as probably the finest breed of active, heavy draught horses in the world, and since the outbreak of war a society has been founded for breeding them and encouraging

their use in England. Its foundation is said to be partly due to the observation by Englishmen of the wonderful way in which the percherons stood the hard work and hard conditions of the war, harder in the French Army than in our own, for the horses worked, day in and day out, longer distances on less forage and less grooming.

That the percheron is no fair-weather horse may be seen by anyone who watches them in the winter on the outskirts of Paris. Indeed, so hard is the work done as a matter of course by the horses in the familiar big two-wheeled tip-carts that they may be said to be continually in training for war, and the breed consequently kept up to its standard.



"ON THE TOP OF THE BANK."

There is a lot of excavated ground around Paris, old claypits and quarries which form accessible convenient places for tipping the earth dug out from the foundations of new buildings. The soil of these *décharges*, formed exclusively of cart tipplings, is necessarily soft, and after a few days' rain becomes a pudding into which wheels sink very deep. To fill the *décharge* properly the tipplings must be evenly distributed, which often compels the carts to carry their loads across a couple of hundred yards of mud, and makes the pulling very severe.

Accidents on such ground are frequent. Perhaps one wheel only will sink in and the cart turn right over, pulling the wheeler with it. Or the wheeler may be bogged or tripped, to lie pinned down by the weight on the shafts until trace horses are hitched on behind the cart to pull it back, or until he is released from his harness. In such emergencies the hinged collar worn by all these horses, which can be unlocked and lifted off the neck, is a great convenience. Sometimes the edge of a tipping bank is so rotten that the wheels cut through it, just before the cart is emptied, and the cart runs down backwards, dragging wheeler and trace horses one after another into a heap at the bottom of the slope. Then there is the huge *guimbarde*, a sort of super two-wheeled tip-cart, used for loads of bulky stuff, which, if it over-balances backwards, will with its long shafts lift the wheeler high into the air, so that until pulled down again he hangs strangling in his collar.

But apart from such incidents, the general impression of the work is that of strength and efficiency, qualities very clearly shown in the illustrations to this article, which have been chosen from the work of Mr. L. D. Luard, as expressing the beauty and vigour of the percheron horse in a manner possible only to such an artist. As in his preface to Mr. Luard's book, "Horses and Movement," Mr. Martin Hardie remarks, "with the camera there can be no accentuation of the important and suppression of the unimportant. He summarises so boldly for the eye that omissions of petty detail pass unnoticed, as they do in nature where movement is the real interest." Certainly nothing can eclipse the camera in its own field, but it is impossible for the photographer to carry to such heights this quality of deliberate selection in which Mr. Luard excels.

Now that mechanical traction is replacing horses—automobile instead of hippomobile as it is called in France—there is not so much interesting horse work to be seen in Paris. There was a time when you could be sure of coming across the hauling of the big logs which took place just above and below Paris, where the river has sloping banks instead of the square-built *quais* as in the middle of the town. It was a splendid sight to see two teams of percherons hitched to the same great log, pulling it up the slope into the timber yard above. Mr. Luard, who finds, perhaps, the majority of his subjects in France, gives a vivid account of such a scene: "First someone must go into the water, winter or summer alike, cut loose the log, knock in the hooks and take a half-turn of the drag chains round its end, while the horses wait in the patient way common to all heavy breeds. Then the teams are hooked on and the fun begins. The log slips out on to the land, getting heavier as it loses the support of the water. By the time it is completely out, running with a good impetus, the horses are breaking up the slope with short strokes of their hind legs used simultaneously, the air ringing with the shouting and whip-cracking so dear to French carters. If luck is in, the log gets successfully to the top of the slope—the horses by then struggling foot by foot—poises with its nose for a moment high in the air before it tips down on to the level—and slides easily into the yard. But there are many chances that it will catch upon its way, for these slopes are paved with great stone blocks laid so



"THE SHIRKER"



"A FRENCH STONE-CART: BIRD'S-EYE VIEW."



"TIMBER HAULING."

many years ago that many of them are missing. If the end of the log butts into one of these holes, there is an awful moment of suspense before the hooks are wrenched out and the mass of horseflesh, held for a second, is hurled forward and goes up over the bank and into the yard for a hundred yards and more before it can check its impetus.

"Such work, hard as it is at times, the horses seem to enjoy, working entirely to the voice, laying each log in turn, true to a centimetre, alongside its fellows."

But it is the work on rough ground that shows how active the percheron is as well as strong, as when, for instance, a cart is swung round at right angles on the edge of the tipping bank. Brought along the edge of the bank, the cart must be turned with its tail to the slope before it can be unlocked and its contents shot out. On sodden ground, when the wheels are deep set, this is not easy. As these carts are harnessed with a trace-horse in front of the wheeler and never work alone, extra trace-horses are always available to be taken off their own carts and hooked on to the one in difficulties. Under the strain of two or three extra horses pulling at right angles to the shafts, the cart begins to yield, slowly gathering impetus, finally swinging sharply round. This is the moment for the wheeler to show his mettle, to show how nimble he is as well as strong, for, despite the weight of the shafts upon his back, he scrambles sideways over ground full of holes and lumps and never loses his feet.

It is a mistake to think that the French do not care for their horses. They are very fond of them, and carters will boast to you of the number of years that they have worked the same team, will offer money for a mere pencil sketch of one of them. The old race of carters, that is, for there are complaints on all sides that it is impossible since the war to get boys to become carters. It is not a life, they say—five o'clock in the morning till any time at night, and out in the mud all day in winter. This

difficulty of getting good carters is said to be influencing breeding; encouraging the breeding of the stumpy, round-muscled "Ardenais-Belge," full of slow Flemish blood, which anyone can handle, and discouraging the mettlesome breeds which need a man who loves and understands horses to manage them.

Percherons, their breeders say, will pull two tons per horse up and down hill, or trot all day in a farmer's cart. They are heavy thoroughbreds with the true thoroughbred mettle, and in France are always worked as entires the better to preserve this quality, though this often leads to trouble. For horses strange to each other immediately begin blowing out their nostrils, and are soon fighting if not checked. And splendid they look, standing up, even in the shafts, lifting the weight of the cart with an ease which proves their strength.

For the artist there are also many picturesquenesses of harness and vehicle in France which he does not find in England. Though the once familiar sheepskin on the collar, that turns so beautiful a blue as it weathers, is almost obsolete, there is the collar itself, the big wooden plates of which make such a fine contrast to the supple form of the animal. Then the large cart with its two horses tandem is more picturesque than the one-horse builder's cart used in England. In some of the brewery carts the horses have not even a strap across their backs between the collar and the breeching, which shows the beauty of the body and the ripple of the muscles as they are rarely to be seen.

The makes of cart, too, are very varied. There is the great lorry on which they drag the big uncut stones, one horse in the shafts with pads to protect his shoulders, and a string of four in front; the little, low, two-wheeled platform carrying a table on runners on which cut stones are moved; the long *haquet* like a ladder for wine barrels with a winch near the shafts.

But the greatest pleasure for the artist are the horses themselves, fine at rest and finer in full effort. They pull with a nervous concentration which it is exhilarating to watch.



"SPRINGING 'EM."



CAREW, writing of the hall at Mount Edgcumbe, has a good phrase that might be applied to its sister at Cotehele House. He said it "yielded a stately sound as you enter the same." Whatever he precisely intended to convey, he has in these two words—stately sound—caught the essence of that delicious moment when the door of some great house swings open and, slightly abashed but agog with expectancy, you step across the magic threshold.

A stately sound. At Cotehele, though, it is a stately silence. In the outer court there is the twentieth century with the hum of the motor and the conversation of very existent birds. But, once through the heavy granite vaults of the entrance, the silence of the inner court falls like a cloak upon you. Centuries and seconds are as one.

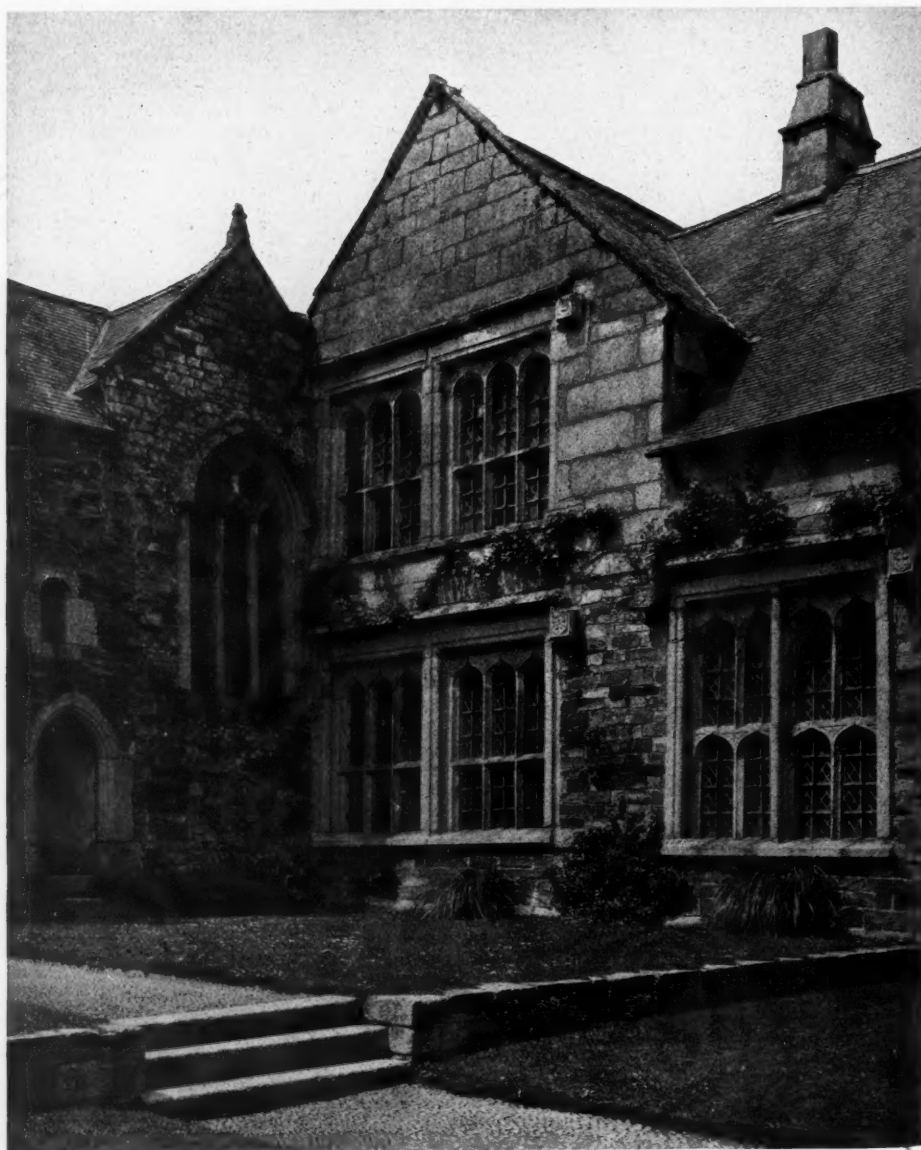
The chapel and the great window of the hall adjoin in the corner of the court at right angles, their lights moulded rather

than hewn from pocked granite. When, beneath its deep mouldings, the worn grey door clanks open, the next step takes you into the grey stateliness of a hall, great among all the halls of England. Its size is moderate—some forty feet in length. But it is great with the continence of centuries. Old arms and trophies of the chase hang, and have hung, upon these uneven whitewashed walls, grey with smoke, since England was a tiny nation. From Plymouth Sound the ships have sailed and begotten the bulk of mankind. But the cuirasses hang where they were set when the Armada had passed by. Each generation has added something. A sword, a matchlock, a chair, the jaws of a dead whale which was washed up on the shore at Mevagissey, the assegais and mottled shields of Zulu braves—and who can say which seems the most remote or the nearest of them all? Time here stands still.

When Sir Richard Edgcumbe, the trusted ally of Henry Tudor, died in 1489 fighting for the Duchess Anne in Brittany, he had transformed three sides of the earlier house which had come to his ancestor by his marriage with Hilaria of Cotehele in 1353. The living-part of the house, however, was probably still standing, and about 1500 Sir Piers, his son, set about rebuilding that part too, containing the great hall (Fig. 2) and the rooms to the south of it, namely, the present drawing-room on the ground floor (Fig. 5) and, above it, the solar, now occupied by the south room (Fig. 9) and the red room.

To the west of the hall, on the side away from the courtyard, is another small court into which look windows, not only of Sir Piers' time and of Jacobean alterations, but several that are apparently of the earlier house. Thus, like his father, Piers probably kept to the old lines in his rebuilding. Round this court lie the kitchen and offices to which access was gained by the triple doors at the north end of the hall (Fig. 4).

The hall was finished before Sir Piers married his second wife, an event which, as he died in 1539, may have occurred about 1520. This fact is assured by the absence of the arms of St. John from the heraldic panels in the windows, and their presence, as we saw last week, in those of the chapel. Among these armorials, which, in the fashion of the early sixteenth century, present not only the alliances of Edgcumbe but also the alliances of the families into which



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1.—THE WINDOWS OF THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

they married, are those of Holland, Tremaine, Durnford, Cotterel, Raleigh, Trevanion, Carew, St. Maure and Fitzwalter. Each is contained in a diamond-shaped shield, a fleur-de-lis on the upper corner, and each side interrupted by an ogee projection—a pattern common in late Gothic stone panelling.

The roof exhibits a design that I do not know outside Cornwall at so late a date. Elsewhere the hammer-beam principle of construction had by then been adopted fairly universally. But here the old form is retained and the spaces between the main purlins strengthened by intersecting moulded windbraces, the effect of which is very decorative. A precisely

agreeable roughness, hung with a variety of harness ranging from the full armour of a knight and swords of foreign make said to have been captured from Spaniards of the Armada. Many stories are told of the tenants' dinners held here from ancient times.

The drawing-room (Fig. 5) was, from the seventeenth century, used as a dining-room. To-day it is a treasury of tapestries, furniture and curious potteries. The tapestries, of Brussels make, tell the story of Eurydice and her wound from a serpent's bite. Above the chimney-piece is a square with a man on a very splendid horse. In this room are several excellent Queen



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2.—THE HALL. Circa 1520.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The roof with moulded purlins and windbraces instead of the hammer beams usual at that date.

similar roof can be examined at close quarters in the loft above the south and red rooms, for the solar, which these rooms occupy, had originally an open roof like the hall, before, in the seventeenth century, the flat ceiling was put in and the party wall erected. These alterations were most probably a concomitant of the building of the north-west tower in 1627, which contains another sitting-room, known as the old drawing-room (Fig. 12), with the white bedroom below it, and bedrooms called after Queen Anne and King Charles (Fig. 15) above it.

The hall to a wonderful extent preserves the atmosphere of the sixteenth century. Walls and cement floor have an

Anne settees, retaining in most cases their original coverings of embroidered satin or needlework. But these and the little trestle tables which, made during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by the estate carpenter, are to be found not only in this room, but all over the house, and of a design peculiar to Cotehele, will all be dealt with in a separate article on the furniture of Cotehele.

From the drawing-room a curving stair, beneath one of the mighty granite arches that confine the richness of these rooms, conducts to the chapel. From the other end of this room access is gained, by swinging forward a flap of tapestry,



3.—EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY FIREPLACE IN THE HALL.



4.—THE TRIPLE DOORS OF THE HALL.



5.—THE DRAWING-ROOM, HUNG WITH BRUSSELS TAPESTRY. STUART AND QUEEN ANNE FURNITURE.



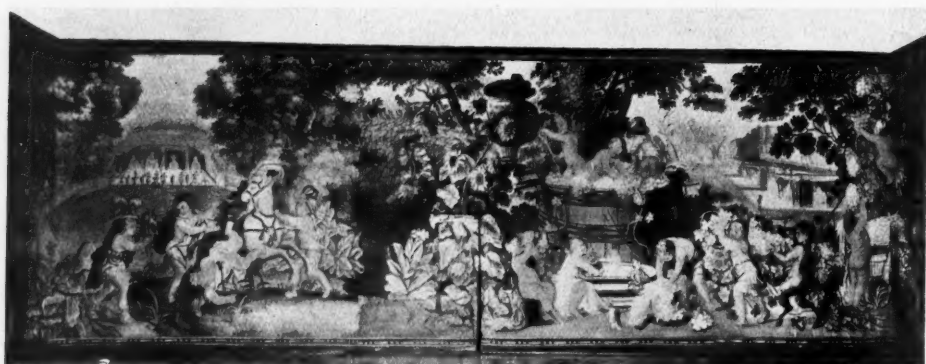
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6.—THE PUNCH ROOM, SHOWING THE WAY INTO THE TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 7.—PANEL OVER THE FIREPLACE IN THE PUNCH ROOM. "C.L."



Copyright. 8.—ANOTHER PANEL: INFANT BACCHANALS WITH A WINE VAT. "C.L."



9.—THE SOUTH ROOM: THE BED HUNG WITH QUILTED LINEN.

to the punch room—so called, I suppose, because, when its neighbour was the dining-room, punch was prepared there—between walls appropriately hung with bacchic tapestries (Figs. 6 and 10). There is a gaiety about these tapestries that singles them out from the run of seventeenth century Flemish work. The little panel above the fireplace (Fig. 7) is singularly delightful, while in another (Fig. 8) there is a vista of an exquisite parterre. This, although the panels are not signed, places their date and provenance beyond much doubt. They may have been made by Jean van den Gotten of Brussels about 1660.

About the eighteen forties Thomas Condy made a series of admirable lithographs of Cotehele, drawing each room with meticulous care. From them it can be seen that since then scarcely a stick of furniture has been moved. The late Earl of Mount Edgcumbe was a man of antiquarian tastes and left all as he found it, and the present earl has, as far as possible, continued the policy. It is sincerely to be hoped that nothing more will be moved, for the number of houses in which time has thus been defied can be counted on one hand. For sure, there is no actual harm in moving furniture; but when for at least a century, and, so far as one can tell, for three centuries, nothing has been touched, the place in the room of each chair and table does undoubtedly acquire a sort of sanctity. After all, such chairs have done something that no human being can do—stayed in one place for 300 years, and for that reason should be treated with some respect.

From the punch room a flight of rough steps ascends into the lowest room in the tower. As the ground slopes steeply to the north, the bottom room of the tower is some eight feet above the ground level of the earlier house. The walls are hung with dim Flemish arras, and tall, split-balustered Carolean chairs stand guard before it. The bed is a fine example of that Goa work very frequently found in these old Cornish houses, telling of the Portuguese trade of Plymouth in the latter half of the seventeenth century. There is the rest of the set, containing a variety of chairs and a table, in the old drawing-room. Beside the bed (Fig. 14) hangs a piece of beadwork in a frame surrounding a mirror of about 1625. In it are contained two embroidered figures, fellows to those on the late fifteenth century altar cloth in the chapel. The arms of Durnford and Edgcumbe are worked at the bottom in a style like those on the Dorney needlework which was illustrated a month ago.

From runs pan and up steps to access is As there the room A great in crime of the substitut festoons strung u walls gl of tape Brussels Rome's Rottom striving and Res behind Minerv the use the ab bacchic in the p across a landsc appear used b maker century workm stately into th and br it is t togethe the sol From recesse views side a other. lovely 1700, remain of Rom "E.de maker 1684, the ser Rottom by th below the sh signed It sta small found of the the th be ap beaut shutte have since I the Glast Engli mech and r of kn origin preva out o this, and usual rustic medi mem form obsc howe

From the hall a passage runs parallel to the punch room and up a flight of granite steps to another passage whence access is gained to the red room. As there is only one window, the room is mysteriously dark. A great four-poster, draped in crimson satin, looms out of the shadows, the plumes substituted in this case by festoons of tiny silk rosettes strung upon silken cords. The walls glow darkly with a variety of tapestry. Part of a great Brussels set of the history of Rome's foundation, by Jan van Rottom, show the gigantic striving figures of Romulus and Remus. In a black corner behind the bed can be descried Minerva instructing scholars in the use of divine numbers and the abacus, while elsewhere bacchic boys, brothers to those in the punch room, bowl hoops across an imposing architectural landscape. Their mark is apparently a variant of those used by Wilhelm de Panne-maker late in the sixteenth century. Cabinets of curious workmanship, settees and stately chairs pump colour into this medley of rich reds and browns. Leading out of it is the south room, which, together with the last, formed the solar of Sir Piers' house. From the south room (Fig. 9) recesses concealed by arras give views of the hall on the one side and the chapel on the other. The bed is hung with lovely linen quilting of about 1700, and the walls bear the remainder of the "Foundation of Rome" series, some signed "E. de P." for Erasmus de Panne-maker, who flourished about 1684, and apparently finished the series begun earlier by van Rottom. A stumpwork mirror by the south window, close below the soft mottled oak of the shutters, is dated 1668 and signed by one Margaret Hall. It stands upon one of the small tables which are to be found slightly varied in most of the bedrooms. In Fig. 9 the thickness of the walls can be appreciated, and also the beautiful texture of the window shutters, which, no doubt, have swung there, to and fro, since 1500.

In the corridor outside the old solar stand three Glastonbury chairs, or old English chairs—those grotesque mechanisms of interlacing struts and rails, carved into an infinity of knobs and rings, as to the origin of which some mystery prevails. They are found in out of the way parts such as this, and old houses in Cheshire and Lancashire. They are usually accepted as being a rustic survival of the traditional mediæval chair, in which a memory of the Byzantine forms of furniture decoration obscurely persisted. These, however, have had an origin



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10.—IN THE PUNCH ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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11.—LEADING TO THE OLD DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



12.—THE INNER PORCH OF PANELLED LINENFOLD IN THE OLD DRAWING-ROOM.



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13.—THE WINDOWS OF THE SOUTH ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

that I have never heard of before ascribed to them. Someone noted their affinity to the mimbars of Persian seraglios, and dubbed them of Persian origin. The connection is significant and, I believe, real; but the story of how traditional forms such as these have a whole chain of connections right across Europe into Asia Minor and the Far East is too long and at present too hazardous to be told here.

From this corridor a flight of steps, beneath arches with colossal mouldings (Fig. 11), leads up to the old drawing-room (Fig. 12) by way of an inner porch of linenfold panels in which swings a richly carved door that is apparently Cornish work of the early seventeenth century. The confusion of Renaissance with Gothic and even the remnants of Celtic and earlier forms of ornament is a fascinating side of Cornish art history. There is in the breakfast-room here a huge reredos-like mass of old oak, probably the tester of a bedstead, carved with the strangest medley of Elizabethan and Gothic symbols. Linenfold panels, heraldry, scriptural subjects, men in Elizabethan costume but attenuated like twelfth century stone figures, and musicians, plainly a memory of the Middle Ages, are displayed upon it, and the mystic legend inscribed, presumably in Cornish (though, of course, I may have fallen into the same trap as did Mr. Pickwick over Bill Stump's mark), RVIFARRWTH . AICWNA . HARRUAPCR. But to return to the old drawing-room. The tapestries again are Brussels, by H. Reydam, and illustrate mythological scenes in high Olympian society. The amours of Jove are significantly dealt with—all in a singularly light tone—the figures being of greys and yellows on a white ground. From a different loom came the big panel on the door-side which seems to represent Statesmanship—a female figure—borne on a car drawn by the Virtues, passing over the prostrate forms of Time, Death and Envy, while the four winds scatter flowers about her and figures, representing the Past, the Present and the Future, regard the scene.

Above this room are two bedrooms. The smaller, called Queen Anne's, contains a bed with a late seventeenth century tester, the posts of which are made up of lengths (3ft.) of very early sixteenth century bedposts—carved with lozenges and flutes and quatrefoils still painted in their original colours of green, red, white and gold. Next to it is the Charles room, hung with the Mortlake series of Hero and Leander. The bed which appears to have been

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14.—THE LOWEST ROOM OF THE TOWER. BED WITH EMBROIDERED JACOBEOAN HANGINGS.



15.—THE CHARLES ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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partially reconstructed in the nineteenth century has curious hangings, which may be survivals of a bed noted by Gilbert in 1822 as being of Oriental work, then in an advanced stage of decay. Some pieces of marqueterie and the very remarkable steel mirror of similar date, which will be shown with the furniture, are also here.

In the old drawing-room are two cushions on which George III and Queen Charlotte sat when they breakfasted at Cotehele. Formerly, according to Gilbert, two chairs were similarly recorded by brass plates as having afforded accommodation for the august personages; but, as all who visited the house insisted upon sitting in chairs with such honourable connections, the plates had to be removed since the chairs began to show they were not equal to the strain. All through the eighteenth century Cotehele was little

inhabited; but such notes as these and the evidence of the furnishings preclude the suggestion that the house was bare. Gilpin rowed up the Tamar from Plymouth in 1778 and went over the house. He wrote:

At Coteil-houfe we landed, which is entirely surrounded with wood, & shut out from the river. If it were a little opened, it might both see & be seen to advantage. To the river particularly it would present a good object: as it stands on a bold knoll, & is built in the form of a castle. But it is a deserted mansion, & occupied only as a farm house. Here we refreshed ourselves with tea, & larded our bread after the fashion of the country, with clouted cream.

From this it might be argued that the place was bare in 1778. But Gilpin had no eye for interior decoration. He was engrossed with "the picturesque"—and "clouted" cream.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

A FURTHER SELECTION OF PLANTS WHICH FLOWER IN THE AUTUMN

GENERALLY hardy and thriving in half-shade, a member of the saxifrage family may prove somewhat of a surprise at this late date, but *S. cortusæ-folia* has been gathering strength all through the summer and is now expanding its quaint flowers. These are most distinctive, with two petals much longer than the others, and very light and graceful in appearance. Two items in connection with its culture should not be disregarded—its preference for half-shade rather than full sunlight, and the need for shelter from strong winds: for it does not flower until October and, although the height is but gins., considerable damage is done when in an exposed position. *Sedum telephium* is likely to be forgotten by reason of its very commonness, but it is one of the foremost of late flowers of dwarf stature, and adds not a little to its effect by reason of its attraction for the red Admiral butterflies, which perch upon the flat heads of flower and sun themselves as they sip from the store of nectar. The supposed "lily of the field" brings us again to a bulbous-rooted plant with crocus-like flowers in vivid golden yellow. This certainly makes a position for itself by its outstanding colour, though it must be admitted that the plant is not often seen at its best because it is not left alone sufficiently long. Plant the bulbs in a warm and well drained position, half a foot deep, and leave them alone for as long a period as possible, and every autumn—at compound interest—your reward will be a veritable blaze of the rich gold flowers.

Stokesia azurea is fairly well known and reaches a height of 1½ ft. to 2 ft., with very handsome flowers gins. to 4 ins. across and splendid for cutting purposes. It would be much more popular if it were planted in more sheltered positions than are generally given to it, for a frequent trouble is that the flowers fail to open nicely owing to early frosts. Give it a warm soil and a sunny position, however, and a different tale is told, and Stoke's aster proves itself a splendid violet blue autumn flower of great utility for cutting. *Tricyrtis hirta*, the Japanese toad lily, is the last of its family to bloom, but forms a valuable addition to our late flowers. The stature averages about 2½ ft., and the white flowers, speckled with purple, repay close examination. One must go right to the end of the alphabet for the last of our dwarfier plants, and then one finds it under the ugly and unwieldy name of *Zauschneria californica*, but one can always get over this disability by calling it by the English title, Californian fuchsia, which really describes the plant rather aptly. Some prefer the variety *mexicana*, because it flowers earlier, and therefore the risk of its being cut off in the zenith of its beauty is avoided; but for our purpose the lateness is what

we require, and when one knows a risk and takes steps to guard against it—well, that risk is very much reduced. Sun and shelter, then, are the first points, and your reward will be a spreading plant, about 1 ft. high, with hoary leaves and masses of brilliant vermilion trumpet-shaped flowers all through October—or as much of it as the weather makes possible.

That selection will surely give you a very considerable display of dwarf and medium height plants. Let us now turn to the taller material that must replace the delphiniums, hollyhocks, etc. Here we have a rich store indeed, and the backing of our shorter plants need not lack variety either of form or colour. In the latter connection do not let us forget the great tendency to yellowness that so many gardens display at this time, and let us combat this by the inclusion of a goodly proportion of other colours.

Though *Aconitum Wilsoni* does produce its main inflorescence in September, the subsidiary shoots are a great asset for several weeks later than that, and the pale violet flowers are most effective when contrasted with a good helianthus, with its golden yellow rays. The Japanese anemones are midway between dwarf and tall, and we want to enter a very strong plea in favour of including some of the newer varieties of these. They are simply superb, and from every point of view are among the very finest plants that make the autumn garden. Scrap some, at any rate, of those old-fashioned forms and plant Alice, with its enormous rose pink flowers; Lady Ardilaun, white; Lady Gilmour, with its pale pink flowers and foliage crested like the parsley; *Rosea elegantissima*, pink with several rows of petals; and Whirlwind, with its double row of pure white petals.

A remarkable and unusual plant that is well worth a place is *Asclepias tuberosa*, though it is useless to plant this unless a very sunny position can be provided, for it will be flowerless. The period of flowering varies somewhat with the seasons, but it can usually be depended upon for a goodly array of late blossom. The growth is very erect and the stems branch at the top, where umbels of vivid orange flowers are produced at a height of about 2½ ft., although in poor and dry soils this is considerably lessened. Asters are a host in themselves, but we do not propose to deal with these here, beyond mention of their name. *Astilbe Davidii* is very fine, and, if you can provide a really moist spot, you will be amazed at the magnificent luxuriance of both foliage and flower plumes. Rising to a height of 4 ft., an established plant forms a huge spreading mass from which rise the immense plumes of rosy pink flowers that are effective from such a long way off.



A LARGE DOUBLE SUNFLOWER.

Chelone Lyoni, a close relation of the pentstemon, is a very striking plant of the utmost hardiness. The growth is of the very vigorous order and the plant readily reaches 4ft. The flower-heads, which appear in September, are very showy, in dense terminal spikes of deep purple. *Chrysanthemum uliginosum* is not choice, but it does provide masses of large white daisy-like flowers, of which the value may be greatly intensified by placing them where they will expand against a deep green background.

Two of the best late sunflowers of the perennial class are *Sunflower multiflorus* fl. pl. and Rev. Wolley Dod. The former is one of those sterling old-time garden plants which simply cannot be beaten, and from August to October, rising to a stature

autumn garden may, and should, glow with the vigour and vivacity of youth.

Our list is drawing to a close and space forbids the mention of more than one other plant, *Silphium trifoliatum*. This is a relative of the common compass plant, which has the remarkable habit of arranging all its leaves due north and south. The leaves are in whorls of deep green, the flowers in panicles of yellow daisy-like blossom; the height reached is 6ft. and flowering continues throughout September and October.

Our final and concluding words are: There is no lack of good late-flowering material, both dwarf and tall, and the late H. W. C.-W.



THE QUAINT FLOWERS OF *SAXIFRAGA CORTUSÆFOLIA*.

THE AZURE MEADOW RUE.

(*Thalictrum dipterocarpum*.)

The azure meadow rue (*Thalictrum dipterocarpum*) is the most beautiful hardy plant that has come to us from China for many years—stately, elegant in growth and foliage. We were not quite sure of its native conditions of growth and did not succeed at once with it, but now have got it in a state to justify the above praise. It is hardy here, with no winter protection, and our present result has been got from seed sown in cold frames or cool house in spring. The genus it belongs to is well known in cultivation, mostly in botanic gardens, and usually of a moderate attraction: this comes among them as a bird of Paradise might among our sparrows. Many of our plants of it are now in a bed of tea roses, these set farther apart than usual. The plant, 5ft. to 6ft. high, throws so light a shade that it does not screen the roses. The flowers, of a beautiful mauve, are not marred in the least by the tea roses below them. That is all I may say: the rest must be told by the plant itself. I never went so near worshipping a plant before—a delicate cloud of azure over the bed. It has a habit I have not seen previously, in not giving way before heavy rain and winds. In July and early August here nearly all the flowers in the garden, and the best rose, lily and carnation, were knocked flat and out of their loveliness. This charmer, fragile, with hair-like stems, took no notice of the worst rains. It is staked with a slender stem of a bamboo, hardy here, about the same size as the plant it aids for two-thirds of the height only. The soil is a deep cool loam, and no manure is used on the surface or in the earth.—W. R., Gravetye.



THE CALIFORNIAN FUCHSIA OR *ZAUSCHNERIA CALIFORNICA*.

of 4ft., produces an uninterrupted succession of fully double golden yellow flowers that are not too large to look well when cut. The Rev. Wolley Dod is the latest of all to flower, reaches the gigantic stature of 7ft., and produces its large bright yellow flowers in October and November. Many kniphofias continue to flower very late into the year, but worthy of especial mention in this connection is the variety *Rooperi*. This scarcely begins until October is in, and then continues for as long as the weather permits. The flowers are of the typical red-hot poker form, crimson tipped with golden yellow. It seems superfluous, in view of the late flowering, to point out the value of a sheltered position. Golden rods appear decorative long after the flowers have faded by reason of their fluffy seed heads, but the variety *neglecta* retains its golden blooms longer than any of the others—even into October.



THE AZURE MEADOW RUE IN A BED OF TEA ROSES AT GRAVETYE, SUSSEX.

GIPSIES OF TO-DAY

"A ship of white of egg in a glass of water."

I WAS walking across the hall in the year of grace 1924, the first of May, when from the open back door a wheedling noise broke across my abstraction. Sauntering across, I saw standing in the morning sunlight such a figure as I had yearned to gaze upon and be stolen by in my youth when I daringly sang, "My mother says that I must not play with the gipsies in the lane." I had hardly time to fill her vision, much less to improve my own glimpse, when with alert humility the figure bobbed to the earth. This happened several times before speech arrived. When she stood up I undoubtedly beheld a female Egyptian. Her face was dark as a southern Spaniard's, the whites of her eyes were not white, the whole eye was bold, deprecating and sly. Many coral necklaces surrounded her skinny neck, and her hands were covered with thick gold rings—as the pedlar said of his spectacles, "Not gold, marm, but equally as good."

"Good morning, my lady and madam, I hope I find you well."

I responded politely, hoping her health was as good as mine. She smiled.

"Ah, not that I could be like a brisk young lady such as yourself, madam. You see but a poor gipsy, yet am I the real blood, for I was born a Lee behind a hedge. Never, my lady, have I laid my head beneath a roof; no, not in a van, even; and on the grass every night I sleep, and till I die may I do so. Nine children have I had, but never have I rocked one in a cradle. A real gipsy you see, my lady, and there are but few of us now. I cannot read nor write, but my grandchildren every winter go to school."

I looked at her brown, many-wrinkled face and her tiny, roguish-looking form bulging with petticoats. The east wind rustled last year's beech leaves about her feet that looked out from her broken boots.

"What a hard life for you," I said, "though the young people may enjoy it."

"No, my lady, you don't know us nor the strong blood of us. We are not like you." Here she smirkingly dropped a curtsy, and I guessed her disdainful estimate of the shrinking stuff in my veins. "I would not live in a house if you gave it me. I could not breathe the air in it. Why, 'twould choke me." She raised her voice and threw out her hands dramatically. "Nor do I want money, for it is nothing to me. I only need it to buy bread. And if I have that I am happy."

"What happens," I queried, "if you take ill? You want a bed and shelter then."

She laughed shrilly, and her necklaces tinkled together. "Ho, ho! lady, never have I been ill—what *you* call ill—in all my days, though I comb grey hairs now." She pulled her old straw hat off and showed a close thatch of grey curls.

"See, ma'am, it's thick still as grass in summer"—here she stuck her brown claw in and made a handful stand up to bear out the truth of her boast. "I want but a few months to seventy—and the only medicine I've ever drunk, or my lad either, was brewed from the herbs I gather. He hasn't a grey hair, and for two years now he's had the Old Age Pension."

"Oh," I said, "you have been married a long time, and have you been happy?"

She looked at me questioningly. "Ay, married a long time, as you say. No, my dear, we takes each other and never casts an eye beyond. My lad and me have never parted, and as happy mated as the birds. Eight daughters I have and not one gone wrong"—with a sly nod she dropped her voice—"you know what I mean, my lady, some as takes up with more than one man, that I've never had. My poor sister had trouble with a daughter, but we all said to her, 'You get rid of her, don't keep her by you for she will bring evil and bad looks on us all.' So my sister took heed. We, my lady, never heeds marriage, but we never change. Marriage, ho, ho!" And she gave to my surprised view a few skips on the flags and raised a skirl of laughter, looking wickedly at me. She seized



A FAMILY POW-WOW.



IN A "BIELDY" PLACE.

me by the hand. "Now, my lady, let an old true gipsy hold your hand and tell your fortune."

I protested, but she held my hand in her bird-like claw.

"Ah, my lady, what you have read and studied! Never did I see such a mind to work. And you were not so happy when you were young." This I consider the usual flattering guess for clients who imagine themselves brooding Byrons or romantic Disraelis. "But never mind, my dear; them as were so harsh when you made your run-away marriage," and she looked at me shrewdly, "why, they've been thinking it over and one of them has died doing so; but there's still one left and saving money up for you, too. I see him. So don't fret. It'll all come to you, darlin'. And what is this, sailing over your hand, and there it is again? A ship! There is one you've loved just gone in a ship; but you're going to him soon. Don't be angry what old gipsy says—you have a funny temper, you have, and very queer and particular about your friends. But not as strict as your own family was, dee-ur! You're not quite satisfied, are you?—house nice, but not quite what you wanted, and you are still unsettled." So she rambled on, with hits and misses jumbled together. "Get me a glass of water, my lady, and a white of egg, and I'll tell you what fortune waits." She juggled it rapidly about and then called with excitement, "Look, darlin'! here it is, a ship, with silver beads on the masts and a name coming round it." Certainly something like a ship was arriving at the bottom of the water. "Now, dee-ur, you keep this till to-morrow, and remember what old gipsy said. You will see the ship plain after a night and the silver beads a-shining. Next time gipsy comes she will call and see if everything has happened as she said." She hobbled off with many blessings, and in the window stands a tumbler where a ship as white as milk bobs upon the water.

The reader must not imagine from this that a genuine fortune-teller turns up every other day; on the contrary, this was a very exceptional occurrence. There is no lack of gipsies, because the house is away from the main road in a lane with wide grassy borders and many corners where a van can be drawn up.

As one can swing back the front of a doll's house and disclose bedrooms, living rooms and stationary inhabitants, almost as suddenly, turning the lane, is spread out the life of the gipsy camp. At seven in the morning the fire burns. Mother and baby and the next youngest are

sitting on their hunkers with their backs to the bitter wind of this spring, watching breakfast cook and keeping the fire going. The children are "wooding," little straggling figures coming from the larch plantation with sticks—they always choose a "bieldy" place for the encampment, near a wood. Father is mending harness at the rear of the caravan, and the bigger boys have the horses farther up the road, giving them a better feed. All of them follow the prevailing fashion which they, doubtless, instituted, and have coloured handkerchiefs knotted round their necks. The ruddy ploughman whistles and sings in the field above the lane, but the gipsy man is dark and silent. When the children have wooded enough they sit a little way off on the damp bank, like newly fledged birds on a bough, waiting to be fed. The blackthorn in April was not out, but these youngsters might have been sitting by a nursery fire, though the gale swept through the leafless hedge at their backs. They return one's greetings with polite interest, beg naturally, but are quick to know when to stop and appear grateful.

The gipsies soon discovered we had a tap in the garden, and, having no lodge with a suspicious guardian, we are much favoured by their visits requesting water. Living



MANDY.

on sufferance as they do, they are much politer than the cottagers, whose children will take cake or pennies without "Thank you."

I asked a gipsy child who had been several times for water how they got food so far from shops. "Well, lady, when we go through villages we buy bread and kippers and cheese, and fa-a-ther cotches cowneys and we boils him with onions."

"Cowneys," I said, "what are cowneys?" "Why, ma'am, there's heaps and heaps in the fields. Fa-a-ther cotches 'em easy out'n their holes. You know 'em, ma'am, folks call 'em rabbits, we call 'em cowneys."

Later on this girl brought me her small sister to see, a creature as wild and shy as the coney in the rocks. She gazed at me with sudden amazement, then hung her head. The elder acted showman. From her head she removed a much scarred and odorous fur covering. "Do look at her hair, lady; muvver's washed it and she said 'It's just like silver!'" She smoothed it with a very dirty paw, and continued: "Mandy, she's the only one on us with this hair, jus' like silver." The word "silver" pleased her, evidently, as it did me. The hair itself hung in straight streaks, but among that dark crew she was the admired "lassie wi' the lint-white locks."

"What is her name—Mandy? I never heard it before."

"'Tisn't rightly Mandy, lady, 'tis Ah-mandy."

Good gracious, I thought—coney and Amandas! How seventeenth century! I said, "Take Mandy for a walk in the garden and see the flowers."

"Thank you, lady," and the white-locked one whispered with her shy glance, "Thank you, lady."

In a little while they returned. "Please, lady, what's they bushes that smell so fine?" I went with them and found it was the lavender clump. I gave them scissors to cut some. Never have I seen such ecstatic absorption as on Mandy's face as she slowly circled about the bushes. Her scissors were like the brush in an artist's hand as he revolves about his loved picture. Her silver hair straggled about her pale cheeks—not rosy and tanned, like the sister's—and her blue eyes were like a saint's in contemplation. I took a photograph of them, with their old coats dragging at their heels and pinned, with never a button visible, across their chests, and the lavender clutched tightly in their hands.



CAMP VISITORS.

A few months later, not a hundred yards from our gate, I passed a caravan. It was drawn up for the night, and the ashes of a fire smouldered on the grass. A woman was leaning over the door. Underneath, a whippet was crouching that gave a single yelp. From inside a rough man's voice yelled, "Shut up." As I came past, the usual query from all vandwellers assailed me: "Please, lady, do you know what o'clock it is?"

I gave them my views on Time's progress.

A towsy head shot up to the level of the half-door and an urgent whisper proceeded from it. It was as if a sleepy bird, roused by a familiar rustle of wings, started chirping. The illusion was hardly dispelled by the powerful odour of human neighbourhood as I drew near the steps. Then the time-seeker threw an expansive smile on to her sonsy face.

"Well, ma'am, amn't I just pleased to see you. My mites have never had a phota took till you was so kind. My husband was that proud to see the himage of them on paper." No sound of approval came from the dim interior as I expected, but the lady felicitously went on: "We bought a frame, and if it was light you could see them hanging up. And the times the children have talked about you and the flowers. Yes, ma'am, we are making for Barnet. We lay up there all winter and the children go to school. The big one you saw cries when March comes round. Teacher says she's as sharp as a ferret, and behaves so well; but me and their father sees they keep the rules—he makes them 'bey his word." Not a sound nor a sigh

came from the hidden assembly and the stern parent, who, I had gathered from his daughter, lived a gentleman's life, and "mother she done all the work, hawked the brooms and pegs, and father he walks by the horse."

As I departed, a hobbled horse moved across the road and reminded me to fasten our gate securely.

These are not the real gipsies, but really hawkers on wheels. The rule of life is as primitive as among the Zulus or Masai. The women do what work there is, rear the children, and generally act as spokesmen between their rude spouses and the civilised world on whose borders they live. Their only acquaintance with our sophisticated mode of living will arrive unkindly when the doors of the work-house infirmary swing open to receive them, with its vista of polished floors and unwelcome baths.



"NEVER HAVE I ROCKED ONE IN A CRADLE."

As for the real gipsies, the occasional fortune-tellers, their hereditary lore is in process of vanishing. Print is sweeping over them, Communism, Socialism, "isms" that will stifle the last poppy patch of colour in our cultivated existence. Strange

knowledge they squeeze from nature—in many a secret place they bend their ear. Outwardly only an alien, subservient race; but "canst thou loose the bonds of Orion or guide Arcturus with his sons?"
R. G.

NATURE AND THE PREHISTORIC

In Praise of England, by H. J. Massingham. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. H. J. MASSINGHAM is a good writer and full of information, but he has not been very happy in the title of his new book, *In Praise of England*. There may be praise latent in the essays on Avebury, Stonehenge and Maiden Castle, but it lies in obscurity.

The most patient and long-continued searching and digging have revealed very little about the lives of those who raised these ancient monuments, and one cannot help thinking that to talk of the civilisation of Avebury is but guessing. Civilisation can hardly be dissociated from tools, and, to all appearance, the builders of Avebury had none. There is no mark of the rudest chisel on the great "Sarsen" stones which apparently once stood in a geometrical figure, a space of ground at one end with three rings of great monoliths round and a stone avenue leading up to it. What purpose was served by transporting these stones from the tops of the hills and setting them up in this place no one has been able to define with any certainty. Here one theory is as good as another. That the aim must have been astronomical (if one can apply so large a word to so simple-minded a device) rests on a theory that the builders had made such small progress in evolution that they did not understand the revolution of the seasons. Every long winter threatened to last for ever, and they put up these rock pinnacles as they began to observe that when finer weather was coming the sun's rays slanted in a certain direction which they could mark by the stones. Spring was coming when the rays of the sun fell at an angle which could be indicated. If this be true, it confirms one's belief that the high civilisation which Mr. Massingham alludes to was coupled with an amount of manual labour such as is almost inconceivable to the modern mind. By what means was Silbury Hill erected? We see the deep fosse from which the earth was evidently taken, and surmise that those rude people carried the earth in what was probably the earliest contrivance for the purpose—the wicker basket—up the steep on their backs. If they had any other means of producing the hill, the evidence of it has not been found. On the other hand, anyone retracing roughly the track of our author, and passing through the counties of Wiltshire, Somerset, Dorset and Cornwall, will find innumerable earthworks; some, like Maiden Castle, more massive than Silbury Hill, but all involving such a terrible amount of labour that the imaginative mind begins to shudder at the vision of an England filled with a people as numerous as ants on an anthill and all of them carrying baskets of earth to add to the altitude of their heap. One makes no pretence of giving this as a final solution of a mystery, but it is much more feasible and natural than any dream of a high civilisation. That, however, is by the way. Mr. Massingham's book is really of the open air, and no praise can be too high for the fidelity with which he has studied and described natural phenomena. The book is not easy to read, chiefly because it is composed of *disjecta membra*. A book, like other works of art, ought to have, in the homely old saying, a beginning, a middle and an end, whereas this volume is like a dictionary: you can begin reading anywhere without injury to the sense. To say that, however, is to deny that it is any more a book than a collection of bricks and timber can be called a house before the building is started. They may please the architect and the mason because of their quality as building material, the timber may be the best of oak and the bricks as good as those fashioned in the reign of Queen Anne, but the house exists only as the statue existed in Michelangelo's imagination before he fashioned it out by his famously furious blows. It is just because of an admiration carried to the point of enthusiasm for Mr. Massingham's knowledge of fact and grace of expression that we are moved to make this protest against his huddling these heterogeneous materials between two covers and not giving us what he is well qualified to do, a book that really does contain the three necessary parts to which we have alluded—a beginning, a middle and an end. Let it not be thought that there is anything derogatory to art in this. At the root of all fine works of art there is what we may call a good business head. A great painter does not launch out

into the making of a picture without first conceiving of it as a whole and, indeed, planning it out with lines visible or invisible into which the various parts of his composition will be placed. The completeness of a song or of a story, a little statuette or a great canvas can only rise from clear-headed planning.

THE SOMERSET YEAR-BOOK.

ON reading the pages of dialect stories and verse, in *The Somerset Year-Book*, there is found a healthy growth of local patriotism in Somerset. The folk of Somerset hang as closely together as Scots in all the strange lands in which they have pitched their tents and made their fortunes. Somerset has jewels on its bosom denied to less favoured English counties. As Miss Margaret Bondfield, a daughter of the county, said at the annual dinner, "there were Canons of Wells before there were Kings of England." As Miss Bondfield is a woman of integrity and our history is weak, we well believe that ecclesiastics bearing that resounding title chanted beneath the many statted pinnacles before the refractory wave wetted Canute's toes. But Somerset has Glastonbury, the legends of Arthur, and the Vale of Avalon and Mendips caves and Cheddar cliffs, and much else of renown. There are many first-rate stories in this year-book, and poems both in dialect and more ordinary numbers. The article called "Curious Epitaphs" is well named. In Batheaston Churchyard is the epitaph on the three children of Timothy Wilcox, schoolmaster, shop-keeper and rat-catcher—surely a trilogy of usefulness. He must also have been a bit of a poet or, like the mourner in another well known epitaph, "love made him poet":

"Here lie, in the blessed hope of a joyful resurrection, the bodies of

Prudence }
Martha and } Wilcox
Obadiah }
aged one, two, and three years.
Three children small
Composed my all
But envious death
Has stopped their breath
And left, d'ye see
My wife and me
Above the knee
In sorrow's slough.
To help us through
The Lord alone,
Who hears our groan,
Knows how and when!
Amen! Amen!"

Then there was a stone "restored" away from behind the south door of Yatton Church in 1872 that might have indicated the democratic remains of a countryman of Robert Burns:

"Here I lies behind the door,
Here I lies because I'm poor;
The further in the more you pay,
But I lies here as well as they."

In the church of Stoke St. Gregory is one of unexpected imagination:

"O reader now prepare to dye
Thy thread is almost spun
Live like this lady, just for why
Her virtues did outshine the sun.
This virginal lady pure and chaste
Beneath doth sleeping lye
Apace her body now doth waste
Her soul is in the Heavens high."

Rebukes to the living perpetuate village animosities. Someone, maligned evidently by neighbours for inadequate nursing, and desiring justice from posterity, has left her righteous doggerel on the stone of David Austin of Upton Noble:

"Long on my bed I laid,
Much trouble did I give;
Without a murmur or complaint
My wants was all relieved."

The spelling of the following adds to the misery that tells of one stretched too long on the rack of this rough world:

"William Luccox of Uells, who depar. Aprell ye 16 1706

"All my inward Frinds
vphored me and thay whome
I loved are tvrned agains me
& my kinsfolks have failed
me & my famillier Frinds
have for gotten me."

A more unhappy and tragic cry than any Mr. Walter de la Mare got into the imaginary epitaphs of "Ding Dong Bell." The last we quote will be cheerful, for it commemorates an unchristian belief, one who held that "admitted to an equal sky, his faithful dog shall bear him company":

"Here lies asleep old Appleby
Beneath this yer old weeping tree.
Beside him lies his trusty dog
Both sure in Heaven to meet their God
For since the Christian creed prevails
Within none buried are with tails."

So outside the consecrated ground lie Appleby and his dog, faithful souls. One request to the editor of *The Somerset Year Book* as we finish congratulating him: could he publish a poem that appeared over twenty years ago in the *Spectator*? It was about a gentleman of Somerset, a servant of John Company who, far from Severn Sea, laid his bones after hard service beneath Indian skies. We feel sure these gallant but forgotten verses of a gentleman of Zummerzett would be welcome.

Plush, by Lord Gorell. (T. Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.)

LORD GORELL has resisted any temptation to make of this book the roaring farce that it might so easily have become—the rather heartless farce that the title, the paper wrapper (clever though that is), and even the first chapter or two of the book lead the reader to expect. Given a vulgarian tradesman, ennobled by the Government (for financial benefits received) a few days before his death; given, too, an unsuspected heir to that tradesman, serving as assistant in a Hoxton fish-shop—and roaring farce, it will be seen, is ready enough to hand. But Lord Gorell makes not only a human but a likeable little figure of the young Cockney, Albert Plush, and is as much at home with the mentality and the speech of Hoxton as with the procedure in the House of Lords. This is no book to fan the flames of class antagonism; it is written with moderation and understanding sympathy, with sense and sensitiveness. The chapter in which Lord Rickwood, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, asks the worried, bewildered Albert to dinner, and (using as much quick, graceful tact as he would have brought to a delicate situation in foreign affairs) sets his feet on

the path to happiness, is admirable. Indeed, there is only one unconvincing point in the book, and that a small one: the names of some of the peers—Plumtree, Bullwinkle, Senskell, Pluckrose—are singularly unreal in sound. But even this is, no doubt, the result of the author's anxiety to use no name having the least resemblance to the names of noble lords actually in existence. Still, this does not apply to the names of Albert's successive lady-loves, Sairey and Anne. Does not the modern Hoxton parent reject such names in favour of Gladys or Mabel, Lily or Maud?

V. H. F.

SOME BOOKS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (Constable, 7s. 6d.)

A LOST LADY, by Willa Cather. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THE BOY IN THE BUSH, by D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner. (Secker, 7s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

SELECTIONS FROM MATTHEW ARNOLD'S PROSE, edited by D. C. Somervell. (Methuen, 3s. 6d.)

THE PASSING YEARS, by Lord Willoughby de Broke. (Constable, 21s.)

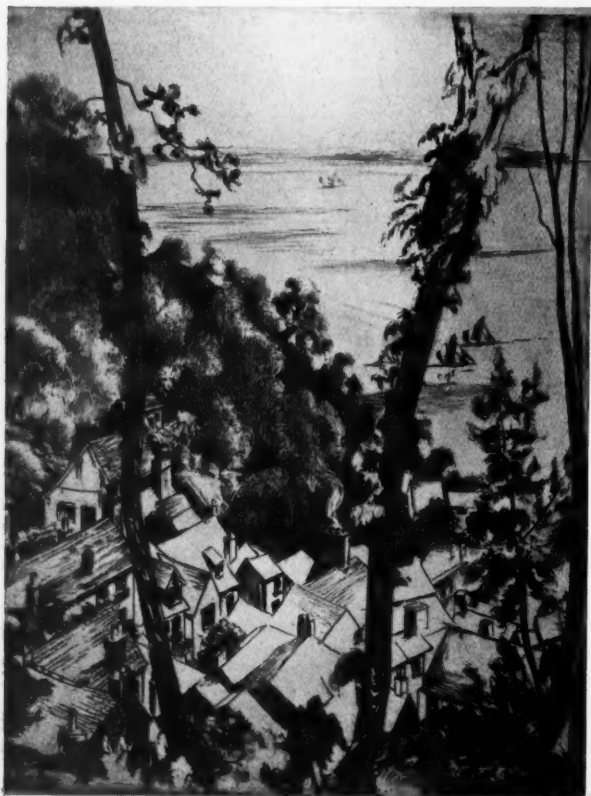
TALES OF TURKEY, by Maj. E. W. C. Sandes. (Murray, 5s.)

STEPHEN CRANE, by Thomas Beer. (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.)

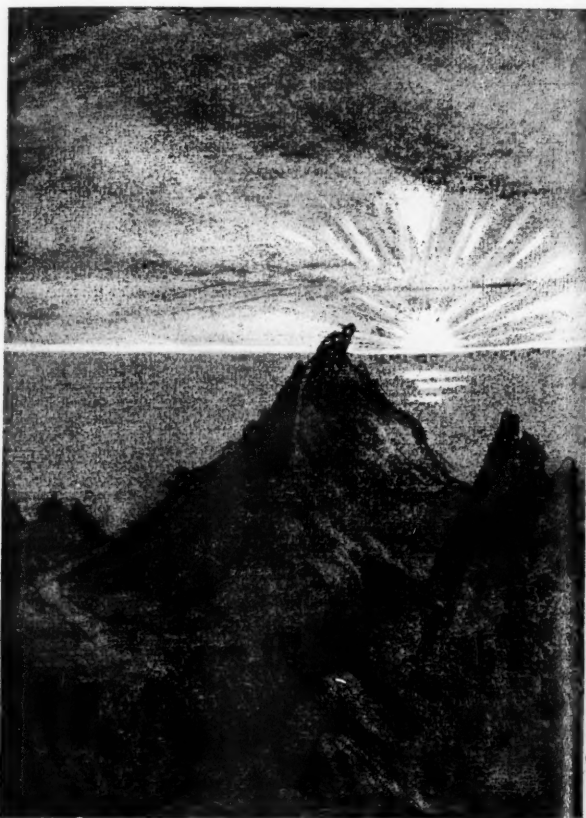
THE L.C.C. AND WHAT IT DOES FOR LONDON PARKS AND OPEN SPACES. (University of London Press, 1s.)

ILFRACOMBE TO HARTLAND POINT

TAKING the coast road westwards from Ilfracombe over the tors to Lee, a distance of about three miles, hopes, which have the curious habit of welling up at the start of a tramp, are very much in danger of being satisfied even at this beginning. Ilfracombe itself, with all its fascination for holiday folk, is not a very inspiring town to look at, but it serves as a good starting point for those who would enjoy wild beauty at its finest. No more splendid walk could be dreamt of than this to the west, for, as one mounts the soft, short turf of each tor and with light step slips down the other side, bay after bay, its steep rocks fringed with white foam, works its way into one glorious view after another. And there is always, on the hottest day, a fresh breeze blowing. The tors have many paths, but any brings one down into the tiny village of Lee. Like many a Devonshire hamlet, it possesses a haunting air of romance, in this case perhaps intensified because it gives local colour to the song of the maids of Lee. Their reputed cottage is here among others bowered in flowers and brooding trees with cawing rooks. And, if you stop for tea, here in the quiet of an old house with a sunny garden you



"THE ROOFS OF CLOVELLY FROM THE HOBBY DRIVE."



"MORTE'S DEADLY POINT AGAINST THE SUNSET SKY."

will be served with home-baked bread and jam and famous cream.

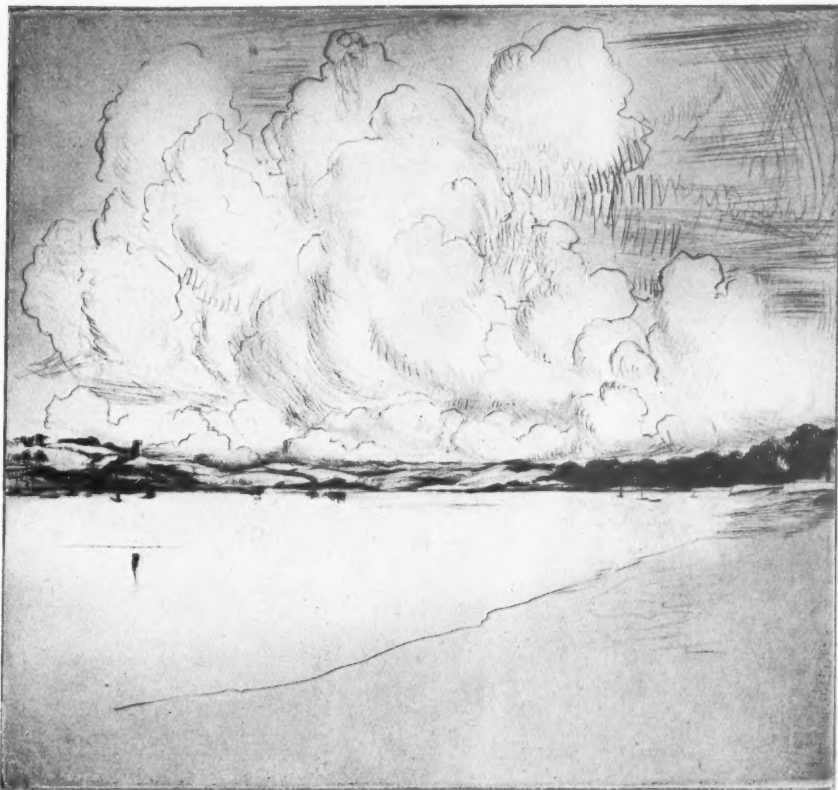
Onwards, steep lanes, overhung with summer foliage, and undulating field paths lead for three miles to Morteheo, a mere handful of grey windswept homes. This district is named "Deadly Shore." The rocks round here have indeed taken their toll, for in every corrie there is evidence of some wrecked boat. Of greywacke, ominous enough even on a summer's day, they stand all on end, appearing from the sea-tides like the giant teeth of some prehistoric monster hungering for its food. On a wild day the waves rise high and froth and fret against the tooth-like rocks, and millions of foam flakes hurl themselves on the wind far up the precipitous valleys till they resemble a snowstorm. When the sun shines other kinds of rock are seen among the grey and black, and at Rockham Beach, which is a delightful cove, and again round Bull Point Lighthouse, they gleam with the lavender tints of an opal set in a lapis lazuli sea. The stranger can wander wherever he wishes about these six miles of coast and prowl about the gorges—which generally have a path to the sea—and their beaches of clean sand and glittering shells. Starfish and anemones make fairy delicacy

in the tide-left pools among the rocks, and on the uplands are heather and gorse and forests of sea pinks. In the spring it is primrose-land this Devonshire, and in the sheltered valleys there are wild daffodils.

Then from this savage grandeur the aspect of the coast changes and low, broad sands and dunes stretch for miles from Woolacombe, by Croyde's charming village, away to Branton and its burrows. The two rivers, the Taw and the Torridge, form a great estuary, and from Branton to Westward Ho! there are marshes and sand, low horizons and far distances of hazy pinks and purples and foreground masses of grey-green rushes all dear to the artist's eye. It is an extraordinary change after the heights left behind. Appledore and Instow are stippled out in silver white against the blue, and tall-masted, brown-sailed boats lie in many a tiny harbour or go sailing up and down the rivers to Barnstaple or Bideford.

These latter are old towns with many associations of bygone times, and each a historic bridge of fine proportions about which there is many a tale. John Gay, who set all England agog in 1728 with his brilliant "Beggar's Opera," sat conning his lesson as a boy in Barnstaple Grammar School. Both towns can claim many a famous son and a long history.

There are numberless little villages around set amid woods and gurgling streams and mothering churches. Lesser roads of that quiet beauty belonging only to Devonshire lanes wind their way down from the main roads to many a cluster of cottages in the sheltered nooks of the coast right from Bideford to Hartland Point. Who has not heard of Clovelly, that picture village of England? It is one of those shadowed in acombe far from the high road. To come to it from the Hobby Drive when there is a carpet of bluebells or, in the late autumn, when the bracken and bramble are golden is paradise indeed. The one street of steps dives down the cliff bordered with the cleanest little white houses one could find anywhere. At the bottom, out beyond a smuggler's archway, there is the old harbour. It

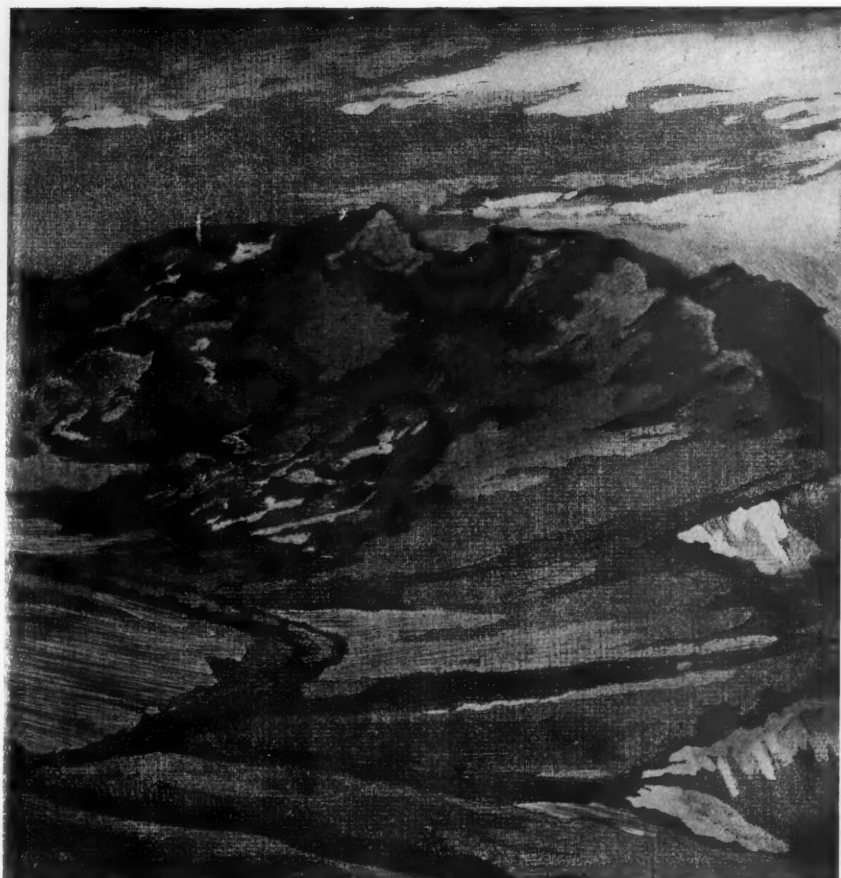


"SWEET LOW VISTAS ON THE TORRIDGE."

is quaintly in keeping, and the whole place and its atmosphere would make the most callous imagination tingle. Looking back from a far quay, the houses appear like some great white bird clinging with its claws to the green trees and the rocks. From Bucks Mills, or, again, from the Hobby Drive, the view of Clovelly is a never to be forgotten one. It shines like a jewel against the high tree-topped Gallantry Bower cliff, while the pirate island of Lundy simmers afar in a violet haze or, at sunset, in a golden mist.

Bare open country stretches between Clovelly and Hartland, the most westerly village in Devon. Low bleak houses and cobbled streets swept continually by strong winds are dotted over this land where many a saint has tramped and many a monk has prayed his hours away in the long-ago monasteries. The Romans also knew this part well in the second century. It had as its name the Promontory of Hercules, so Ptolemy tells us. It is the very wildest, and a corner of Devonshire little known to any save the born explorer. To stay at the inn which offers hospitality at Hartland Quay, on the very edge of the point, and to see this ragged coast and surging Atlantic in all its moods leaves an everlasting impression. All around one are magnificent expanses of rocks and sea and high moorland. One can repeat with Kingsley, who says of Hartland, "To landward, all richness, softness and peace; to seaward, a waste, a howling wilderness of rock and roller." Again, far off is Lundy. No smugglers, pirates or convicts land now on this granite rock island; only visitors by boat from the mainland break the lonely life of the few inhabitants.

To those whose enthusiasm runs high for impressions recorded in some form or other of England and her sea borders no more exciting coast could be found than in those thirty odd miles. Everywhere there is charming perspective; one time primitive rockland: another, long, low, sweet vistas. A wild day among such wild scenes touches the heart's core of the elemental in us, and in this stormy land we have it given us to enjoy nature's buffeting. There are times when one longs to see the waves dash high against jagged peaks and to feel the wild wind. But, again, one can climb down into a sheltered hamlet and be safe till the storm blows by. MARGARET DOBSON.



"THE GRASSY SLOPES OF THE TORS."

CORRESPONDENCE

HOW TO TRAVERSE THE ROMAN WALL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am much interested in the article on the Roman wall in your current issue, but I do not quite agree with the conclusion as to the best way of reaching it. I have travelled the whole length of the wall afoot, by bicycle and by motor car, and much the best way of reaching it is with the aid of a bicycle. In a motor car one goes too quickly; moreover, there is a disinclination to disturb oneself to get out, and also the trouble that the car may have to be left a mile or two away. Foot-slogging means miles of walking in between places worth seeing, or else bothering with a very inefficient railway service. With a bicycle one can go over fields and take the bicycle always with one. It is a handy way of getting from one view place to another and I think those who wish to explore this most interesting relic will find that a bicycle has merits over other means of progression. By the way, as an illustration of the blend of ancient and modern, I recall how in the summer of 1916 a friend and I had cycled to Borcovicus or Housesteads and, looking over the wall at the back, found two girls packing up their camp. They were cycling from Scotland to Oxford, spending their vacation on a camping tour, and had chosen the shelter of the wall as being the most suitable for the night.—R. T. LANG.

THE ROMAN REMAINS AT RECULVER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Experimental diggings in the neighbourhood of Reculver have revealed indications of very important Roman remains. The site of the Roman city there is larger than the area covered by Richborough. Unfortunately, the land is being offered for sale in building plots and, unless we can secure it at once, it will be lost for excavation for ever. The sum required is only £400, but it is needed at once. We have raised about £200. Will your readers help us to the balance?—MARTIN CONWAY, President of the Kent Archaeological Society, Allington Castle, Maidstone.

KNIVES, FLAGS AND BALLOONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—*A propos* your photograph, in a recent issue, of market day in a country town, I send you two pictures from Yorkshire. The itinerant knife-grinder is still a familiar figure in village life. In conversation with this one at Old Malton, I found that a nomadic occupation suits his temperament and provides him with the necessities of life. Having no fixed programme, it was difficult to get in touch with him to supply copies of the photograph. He was very pleased, however, to have something to smoke. Old Malton (close to Malton, the centre of the corn trade for a wide district) is still charming in its rusticity, retaining thatch on a number of cottages and substantial steps here and there for the use of equestrians. Business with the dealer in toy flags and balloons in the cobbled market place of Knaresborough was quiet, but his stock-in-trade provided a



A KNIFE-GRINDER WHO IS NOT NEEDY.

splash of colour attractive to the youngsters. The little lady facing the camera looks the disappointment she felt. She is struggling with, to her, a financial problem, as her humble penny will not purchase a balloon—post-war prices go up as well as balloons!—HAROLD G. GRAINGER.

HINTS TO THE WEATHER-WISE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I think your readers may be interested in some curious weather prognostications which I came upon the other day in a "Perennial Calendar and Companion to the Almanach" for the year 1824. Our forefathers had many quaint methods of foretelling rain; thus, before rain, "Swine appear very uneasy and rub the dust as do Cocks and Hens." In the autumn, "before Rain some Flies bite and others become very troublesome and Gnats are apt to sting." The modern observer would not consider the attentions of the stinging insects could be confined to the autumn. The writer had evidently never been importuned by his dog to take him for a walk on a wet afternoon, for he declares that "before Rain Doggies are apt to grow very sleepy and dull and lay all day before the fire." Another omen is when "Spiders are seen crawling on the walls"; the housewife would probably remark that the corners of the room had not been swept! The coming of wind is foretold by swine, "who run squeaking as though they were mad." The doings of the farmyard are a veritable calendar of coming events, according to an old ditty which runs thus:

"Wise Gosling did but hear the Scriche Owle
crie
And told his Wife and straight a Pigge did
die.
Another time (after that scurvie Owle)
When Ball his dog at twelve o'clock did
howle
He jogged his Wife and ill lucke Madge did
say
And Fox by morning stole a Goose away,
Besides he knowes foule weather, raine or
haile,
Even by the wagging of his dun Cowe's
taile.
When any Thieves his Hens and Ducks
pursue
He knowes it by the Candles burning
blew."

In the same book are "Rules for Health" for the different seasons. In spring the writer states that it was customary to be blooded; but, although this is no longer the custom, certain precautions should be observed. "Exercise should only be taken at the time between breakfast and dinner, that is between 9 and 5; as the season advances you may take exercise before as well as after breakfast and again after tea." In summer, meals should be six hours or more apart, and "we should never eat between meals nor take exercise too soon after them." Perhaps others of your readers can cap these remarks.—IRENE HERNAMAN.

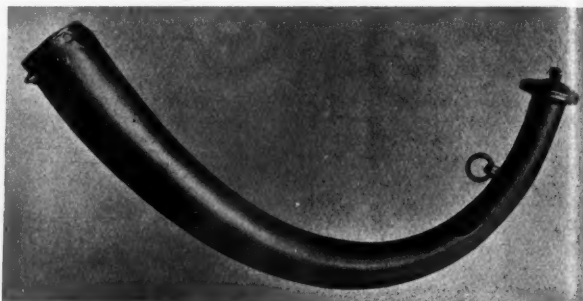


THE SERIOUS BUSINESS OF THE FAIR.

AN IRISH HORN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your first article on Cotehele House mention is made of the Irish horns reputed



ONE OF THE TWO BRASS TRUMPETS AT COTEHELE HOUSE.

to have been brought home by Sir Richard Edgcumbe in 1488. You may care to use the enclosed photograph of one of these interesting objects. Similar horns have been found, I understand, on the Scots borders. This specimen is in admirable preservation. It would be interesting to know more about it, and possibly some of your readers could throw further light on the matter.—EXCESTER.

THE ATHLETIC SLUG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—While looking over some dwarf peas a few days back I observed a white slug slowly stretching down from one of the upper leaves in an effort to reach a leaf below. The leaf, however, was quite gins. beneath and, of course, out of reach of the slug. The insect continued to glide downwards until it was merely suspended by the tip of its tail when I expected to see it fall, but to my surprise (for, although I, alas! know all too well its many attributes, I was not aware of this one) it became suspended like a spider or caterpillar by a fine filament, by which means it easily lowered itself to the desired destination. Has any reader witnessed this happening? To me it came as a complete surprise?—FRANK VINE.

THE SCARLET LOBSTER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In case your readers have time on their hands just now to visit the new aquarium at the Zoo, may I suggest that the scarlet lobster would be an interesting person to call on. He is a little fellow compared with his brothers, but then he is much more beautiful: they are brownish green and have, at most, only small red tips to their claws until they are boiled. He does not wait for that unpleasant process, but has arrived naturally at being flame-colour personified. In make he resembles his more sober relations. His skeleton, for instance, is outside his body instead of being in, and his eyes are, like other invertebrate creatures', mounted on stalks. All the front part of his armour-plating—called the carapace—covers his heart and stomach as well as his mouth. Those long fine feelers go searching about for food, and woe to the small fry that come within their reach. Those tiny creatures must bless—if they know how to—the bright hue of this particular enemy, but when the tables are turned and a hunter is after him, how he must wish that he was rather less conspicuous. His common lobster cousins, whose brownish coats tone in with the seaweeds, can camouflage so easily compared with him. They have even changed colour to suit new surroundings after the fashion of the snow leopards. This particular lobster was caught near Eastbourne, but they have been heard of, I hear, in Norway.—CECIL.

BULBS, MARROWS AND TOMATOES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is not easy to grow tomatoes in an open exposed and wind-swept garden, and the following suggestion may be of use to the amateur gardener. Make a raised bed of fairly good soil, so that it will point towards the south at about a height of 4ft. This should provide shelter for about a dozen tomato plants, with good results. Bulbs may be grown on the mound for spring flowering, and these can be raised to make way for marrow plants. This is also an economy of space.—FRED W. FLEAR.

HOW TO SEE PAINTED CEILINGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I should like to offer a suggestion that might add considerably to the comfort and convenience of visitors to places of interest such as the Baptistry in Florence, where the decoration of the ceiling is of first importance. At the present time, one can only stand or sit with the head bent back and the eyes straining upward in the vain effort to appreciate the beauty so far above. The position is impossible to maintain with any degree of comfort from the first, and considering the immensity of the decoration, half an hour would be the least space of time in which to realise something of its grandeur. Would it not be possible for the authorities to provide something to recline on? A small fee would be gladly paid by those who really wish to study the ceiling. It is a long time since I was in the Sistine Chapel, but things were equally uncomfortable—certainly, a mirror was provided, but this in some ways, seems to add to one's irritation. Italy is supposed to be a land of light, but on dark days could not some artificial light be

employed to illuminate the ceilings? It is more than disappointing, to those especially who have only a limited time at their disposal, to find these buildings so dark that the decoration cannot be discerned in the gloom. We have these wonderful things left us by the great masters, yet we do not trouble to arrange that they may be seen to the best possible advantage. When I was in Florence this spring the accumulation of dust and dirt was so great on the reliefs of the three great bronze Baptistry doors that their beauty was partly lost. I know it will be argued that the Baptistry is situated in the middle of a maddening whirlpool of traffic, which, in any case, is hardly conducive to a quiet examination of the panels, but it seems to me that these doors might be kept cleaner, were it only in honour of the great artists to whom we owe them.—STELLA LANGDALE.

HOUSE-LEEK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is a great amount of folk-lore in connection with the house-leek. I hardly know if I may call this plant wild, as it is, at any rate, most carefully cultivated and cared for by many of the most old-fashioned country folk, especially cottagers and farm labourers. It is looked upon almost as a fetish by most country people—at least, it was so years ago; yet things have changed, and it may be so with regard to the house-leek. The belief was that it kept bad luck from a household, it was a safeguard from the lightning stroke, kept away all witches and evil of all kinds, and was a sterling remedy in many disorders when its juice was taken inwardly, a constant healer of cuts, sores and bruises; it would, if rubbed in, cure bad legs which were ulcerated, and I know that it was used freely to cure sore eyes in children, as well as in cases of raw cuts

and sore hands caused in farm work, besides other injuries. There was hardly a house in some villages but had its mat of house-leek, but it had to be put in a spot from which it could be seen from the living-room of a house, or it would lose much of its powers. If a family left one house and took another, even miles away, a portion of house-leek must be taken as well or bad luck would certainly follow, and on no account must it be destroyed. It is hard to kill, and if left to itself it will not die out, but go on reproducing itself.—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

AN OLD SONG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—This song, which I came across among some old papers, seems to have a good country lilt about it. I wonder if you would care to have it for COUNTRY LIFE? It seems a pity to lose these old songs. It is set to music and must be very old. In copying it out I have omitted the repetitions which make the refrain:

A kernel from an apple's core
One day on either cheek I wore
Lubin was placed on my left cheek,
That on my right did Hodge bespeak.
Hodge in an instant dropt to ground,
Sure token that his love's unsound;
But Lubin's nothing could remove,
Sure token his is constant love.

Last May I sought to find a snail
That might my lover's name reveal
Which finding, home I quickly sped
And on the hearth the embers spread,
When, if my letters I can tell,
I saw it mark a curious L.
May that omen lucky prove,
For L's for Lubin and for love."
—D. HUGHES.

FEATURES OF RACING AT YORK

SLEDMERE YEARLINGS AND THE ST. LEGER.

BEFORE touching once again on the subject of the St. Leger and making brief references to the Sledmere yearlings I may be allowed to comment on several happenings at York Meeting last week. The Ebor Handicap, as usual, brought out a great gathering drawn from the agricultural parts of the North and East Ridings and, of course, from the industries of the West Riding. And, once again, we had a melancholy experience in the matter of the weather. Twenty miles away, on the east side of York, there was not a drop of rain. In York itself it fell torrentially almost the whole of the afternoon, drenching the unsheltered thousands, soaking the racecourse, and creating dismal puddles in paddock and enclosures. I think this is the third successive experience of miserable conditions for "Ebor" day at York, only the third happened to be the worst of all.

The race for the handicap was taken part in by a score of second and third-rate long distance horses. They were all fairly well known and, as such handicaps are of fairly frequent occurrence, it cannot be urged that this one excited much enthusiasm to the travelled racegoer. In the result it was reduced to a match between Marxex and Norseman, with the former always having the better of it. The grey horse by Roi Herode lacked that finishing speed which Marxex was able to produce, though it had been suggested he might not get the mile and three-quarters. A well backed northern trained horse was one named Cottingham. He was interesting on account of his breeding, being by Lemberg from Rosedrop, the winners in the same year of the Derby and Oaks respectively. This son of theirs had a light weight, but he never looked like doing what was expected of him, which is a reminder that the very highest breeding will not alone win races. There must also be action and the right temperament. Gainsborough, who won the New Derby in 1918, was by Bayardo (a half brother to Lemberg) from Rosedrop. Cottingham, therefore, is very closely related to that horse, but he is a long way from being a Gainsborough.

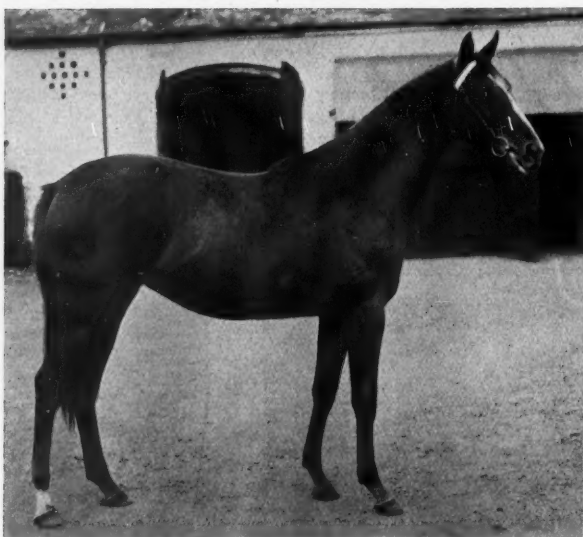
I, personally, found the Gimcrack Stakes far more interesting and, standing by the side of Sir Charles Hyde as it was being run, I fancy I was the first to congratulate him on the success of his charming filly Game Shot. It will be recalled that I had written favourably of her in these notes, and in now beating Iceberg at 6lb., which is only 3lb. more than the usual sex allowance, she proved herself to be quite one of the best two year olds of the season. At five furlongs it would have been a near thing between her, Iceberg and Roidore, from Dobson Peacock's Middleham stable, but from that point, throughout the sixth furlong, the race was always to Game Shot. We saw her swerve across the front of Sir Kenneth in Mr. James White's colours, but this was not due to distress

but rather to dislike of the whip, which Bullock had applied as she was running rather sluggishly. When he wisely put it down she ran on quite contentedly, and gave of her best, finally beating Roidore half a length, with Iceberg half a length behind the second. The Stewards saw that swerve too, and were inclined to blame the filly until they were assured by the jockey of Sir Kenneth that no harm had been done. So they were spared having to take any action on their own initiative.

Game Shot was bred in Ireland, being a hard brown daughter of Marten and Sunshot. A sister of hers, two years older, had done well in this country, and when the yearling of last year came into the ring at Doncaster showing herself to have more size than the two year old sister, there was some brisk bidding for her. Sir Charles Hyde, who had not been long in racing, was advised to buy her by the young Australian trainer, Scobie, whom he had taken into his service, and at 1,700 guineas he secured her. The now four year old sister named Well Shot cost 320 guineas as a yearling. Marten, I may add, is a chestnut horse, bred in 1911, by Marco from Cheshire Cat, by Tarporley out of Lady Sneerwell, breeding which was associated with the late Duke of Devonshire's stud. The horse has been standing at a stud in Tipperary and has done quite well, and would probably have done ever so much better had he been located at a fashionable stud in this country.

It is a pleasure to congratulate Sir Charles Hyde, who, as the proprietor of the *Birmingham Post*, is well known in the newspaper world. He had a fancy for racing, and he decided to go into it on quite the right lines, that is, by buying well and intelligently in the open market. He secured a bargain when he acquired Dark Fox, who won him the Bibury Cup this year. As a set-off to that purchase he has done nothing so far with the big horse Richard the First, who last December he bought out of the Manton stable for something like 3,000 guineas. In the circumstances it is an achievement, of which he is entitled to be proud, to have won the Gimcrack Stakes after only a year or two of ownership on the Turf. The fact brings with it a well known distinction, and I cannot doubt that Sir Charles will acquit himself right well when he comes to reply to the toast of "The Gimcrack Winner" in December next. He must not omit then to tell us whether the filly is considered up to Oaks form. As she has size, quality, exceptionally good looks and has done things, I do not see why she should not at least be included among those fillies which are likely to be intimately associated with the highest class of racing next year.

Sansovino, to whom I shall refer presently, was not asked to win the Great Yorkshire Stakes of a mile and a half with roset. on his back. Had he been, it is quite certain that he would have failed to give 14lb. to Lord Ivor Churchill's greatly improved



A FINE CHESTNUT YEARLING BY PHALARIS FROM BETTYHILL.



COMING UP FOR SALE AT DONCASTER. GREY YEARLING FILLY BY THE TETRARCH FROM LADY ORB.

colt Transcendant, who won with ease under 9st., beating Lord Durham's Roysterer at level weights and making quite a mess of Great Barrier, who, however, was trying to concede 10lb. The truth is that Transcendant is not out of the St. Leger should the going be on the soft side, as it most certainly looks like being at the time of writing. This is a colt by Tracery and was bred by Sir John Robinson at Worksop Manor Stud. He leased him to Lord Ivor Churchill. Sansovino, I am sure, even had he been at his best, would have had no possible chance of giving him 14lb. There seems to be some doubt as to whether Lord Ivor Churchill will run his colt at Doncaster next week for the St. Leger, but should he do so I have an idea he may at least be good enough to run into a place.

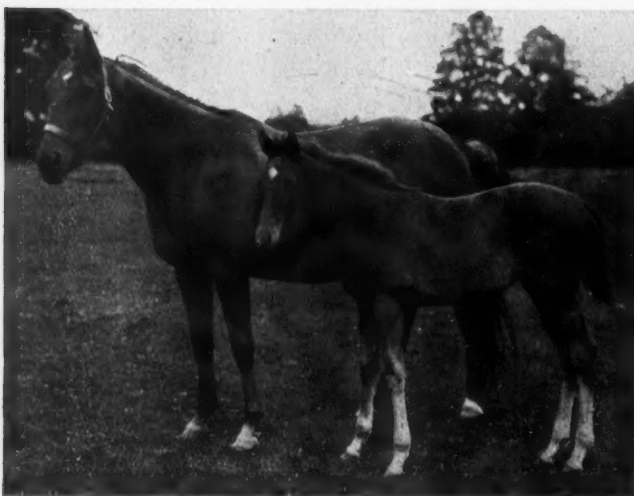
Mumtaz Mahal gave a glorious display when winning the Nunthorpe Sweepstakes, which she won by no less than eight lengths. Drake, Rath Duth and Top Gallant each tried to give her 8lb. Actually she would have given them the weight and still beaten them. This was Mumtaz Mahal at her best—a proved non-stayer, but brilliantly speedy, and I have no doubt the fastest creature in the world over five furlongs. She has never looked better, and when I came across her in the paddock I was fully prepared for her best performance of the year. The Aga Khan wishes this to be her last race, but he is being pressed to reconsider his decision in order that once or twice more this year she may have opportunities of adding still more lustre to her achievements as the acme of speed in the thoroughbred. Apart from Game Shot, I have no doubt the best performance of a two year old at the meeting was that put up by Dalmagarry when, under a big penalty, he won the Princess of Wales' Stakes. This is a colt by Blink out of Santa Catalina, and was, I think, bred by his owner, Mr. V. T. Thompson. He is quite the best ever sired by Blink.

Santorb, who had given a faultless display at Stockton and enlisted quite a number of admirers as a possible outsider for the St. Leger, toppled off his perch when at level weights for the Duke of York Plate of a mile and a quarter he could not beat

Lord Glanely's Cape Horn. The beaten colt seemed all at sea in the deep ground and could not quicken when Carslake on Cape Horn rushed him in the last fifty yards. However, the point is that he can have no chance on this running for the St. Leger unless Cape Horn, who is also in the classic race, is very much better than people think. Cape Horn is by He, the horse which just missed winning a Cesarewitch by a head but subsequently proved his racing merit.

It was during the week of the York meeting I had an opportunity of looking over the score of yearlings which on Thursday next will be dispersed by Mr. Tattersall at Doncaster. They have been discussed elsewhere in all seriousness and with the customary praise lavished upon them. Most of them, I have no doubt, will make four figures apiece, but there will be no such price, I imagine, as was paid for Mumtaz Mahal two years ago (9,100 guineas), while the fabulous prices given on two occasions by Lord Glanely for sons of Blue Tit belong to a past when money had a fictitious value and when everything was inflated, even men's ideas of what was true value. Blue Tit has a colt now in the chestnut by Buchan. If Buchan had got a good winner or two in this his first season, buyers would be after this last but one of the progeny of that great money-making mare. There are thirteen fillies among the score of yearlings, and, as in the years of Mumtaz Mahal and her half sister Joyous a year ago, a filly is likely again to make top price.

I suggest this will be the chestnut by Swynford from Rectify, but even so she will be run close by the dark bay by The Tetrarch from Palatina. They both have fine size, but the chestnut has wonderful character and is altogether more commanding. All the three Buchan yearlings are colts, the other two being from Va Via and Herself respectively. The Va Via colt will make most money as between those two. The Hurry On from Saucy Girl is typical of the sire, which is a big thing in his favour. I like also the Lemonora from Queenlet, the Swynford-Bay Maiden filly, the Grand Parade-Honora, and especially the Friar Marcus-Orlass filly, and the filly by Son-in-Law from Agacella.



MR. ERNEST BELLANEY'S SUCCESSFUL BROOD MARE COUCY (DAM OF THE BRILLIANT TWO YEAR OLD FILLY MARGERITTA) WITH FOAL BY BACHELOR'S DOUBLE.



GRANIA (DAM OF GRANELLY, SIR GREYSTEEL, ETC.) WITH FOAL BY TETRATEMA.
This is probably the first picture of a foal by the Two Thousand Guineas winner of 1920.

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There are two fillies by Stefan the Great, but I do not think this was much of a loss to the country when he was sold about this time last year to America.

The stud at Sledmere have two Tetrarchs to sell—the one from Palatina referred to and the other from Curia, a daughter of Sceptre. They are bays and only a very few yearlings by the famous grey sire are coming into the ring. Buyers are much attracted by yearlings of the same colour as the sire, and it happens that one of the illustrations on the previous page is of a grey yearling which Mr. Ernest Bellaney, the Irish breeder, is sending up with his small but select lot. Mr. Bellaney's filly is from an Orby mare, which has already proved itself an admirable cross, and I have no doubt she will make a pretty big price next week. Some time ago I touched on Mr. Bellaney's stud near Dublin, and readers will find it interesting to note the fine lines of the Phalaris yearling which is coming up for sale, while they cannot fail to be interested in Coucy, the dam of Margeritta, admittedly about the smartest two year old filly of the present season. Then it is well worth noting the picture of the Tetratema foal, with his dam Grania whose yearlings have made big prices from time to time. This is the first Tetratema foal I have seen in the flesh and in a picture. Mr. Bellaney's stud is quite small in point of numbers, but important in its personnel. It is an enviable record, and we shall be reminded of the fact when his yearlings come into the ring next Friday.

Just a few words in conclusion about the St. Leger. San-sovino was apparently going on well when last I wrote, but he was not liked when Mr. Lambton brought him from Newmarket to York last week and gave him a gallop there with a stable companion or two. He did not pull up as he should have done. He blew far too much for a fit horse, and it would be folly to take sides with him after this. He might still, of course, win the St. Leger, but it is very unlikely, and I shall look elsewhere for the winner. For that distinction I have chosen Polyphontes rather than the very honest and consistent filly Straitlace. I am constrained to do this by the fact of the colt being of such fine size and scope. Those attributes offered the chance of marked physical improvement, and that such has occurred is a fact which the form book confirms. I am told that he has continued to do well, and whether he wins or not I feel sure that he will put up a big show. Next to him, of course, I take the Oaks winner, Straitlace, whose owner and trainer feel very confident about her. And if Hurstwood should prove to be the best of the Manton colts it would not at all surprise me. Again, there was always more room for improvement in him than others at Manton and I do not forget how he was going very fast at the finish of the Derby. I have said a good word for Transcendant, and if Salmon Trout had not been beaten by Watford at Hurst Park last month I should have entertained considerable hope where he was concerned.

PHILIPPOS.

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

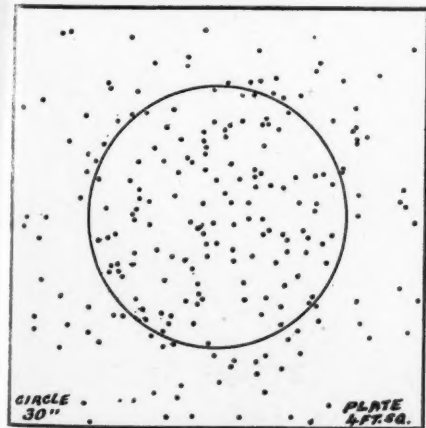
GAME REPORT FROM NORTHUMBERLAND.

WILD pheasants started to lay a little later than usual in consequence of the cold spring, but the number of eggs in a nest was not affected, such totals as ten and twelve being constantly noted, with an occasional eighteen. On dry areas they hatched off very well, the bad eggs left behind varying from one to three. Nests in exceptionally exposed situations were here and there abandoned before incubation had been completed. Continuous cold and wet have considerably reduced the broods, gapes having claimed many victims. In spite of the trying time hand-reared pheasants did very well, though on stiff wet soils they have suffered badly from this scourge. Partridges produced some good nests well filled with eggs and were favoured by one fine week for hatching, but the subsequent wet has impaired the strength of broods, odd ones picked up proving to be full of gape worms. There remain a few coveys of ten, twelve and fourteen, but others are much less and barren birds sadly plentiful. Both as regards partridges and pheasants the season will be moderate, estates where hand-rearing is practised supplying the notable exceptions. Hares have done well and rabbits are plentiful. Fallow deer are in exceptionally prime condition, those already procured showing plenty of fat inside. A fine crop of acorns ensures good feeding in the time to come.

SOME FURTHER TESTS OF CORK WADDING.

Since my preliminary notes on "H. & R." cork wadding I have made a number of interesting experiments. First, 26

cartridges were loaded with them, using the recognised charge, which is 35 grains of Smokeless Diamond and one ounce of No. 6 shot, in this instance of the chilled variety. In the proof gun three rounds gave the entirely satisfactory result of 2.08 tons pressure and 1,125 ft.-per-sec. velocity. From a standard shoulder gun the velocity rounds were 1,122, 1,128 and 1,088,



CORK WADDING FROM ABRUPT CONE GUN.

giving an average of 1,116 f.s. Then eight rounds each were fired from the cylinder and full choke barrel of a standard shoulder gun, the pellets in the 30in. circle being those set out in the following table:

R. Cyl.	130	140		L. Choke	238	209
	143	129	Av. 121	(125) C.W.	198	Av 214
	103	89		203	229	
	138	105	Equals 45%	(49) C.W.	206	Equals 78%

The true cylinder patterns, while fairly even and high in average, offered nevertheless a suggestion of indifferent shape, the correct circular form with well defined centre being often lacking. On the other hand, the pattern which is good for practical work seldom impresses the eye favourably at the extreme distance of 40yds. In the choke patterns we have the astonishingly high percentage of 78, but marred by two cart-wheels. Whether this excess on the usual one-in-ten proportion is an accident of the occasion or suggests an accentuation of the ever-present promoting cause is hard to say, though interesting as a subject of speculation. Possibly, the cart-wheel pattern is in some way associated with the breech-loading necessity for the charge to jump the gap from cartridge case to bore, the solid substance of a felt wad better filling the rut than cork would do when flattened by pressure. Anyhow, I repeated the above test with Messrs. Dickson's loading of the same wadding, the total pellets here being 265. Results:

R. Cyl.	143	122		L. Choke	191	176
	130	125	Av. 124		220	182
	(31) C.W.	106			176	188
	122	130	Equals 47%		(44) C.W.	185
	114	(41) C.W.			211	195

Here there were three cart-wheels out of 20 shots and still not the best attainable standard of pattern formation. We may agree that a cartridge which prevents gun headache and satisfies the user in sporting effectiveness would not depend on such fine shades of quality. Granting all this, there is always the scientific interest of shooting experiments and the ever-present desire to trace the cause of cart-wheel patterns, perhaps in the process gaining unexpected control over general distribution. Thinking on this basis I assumed that cork wadding is in exceptional need of a short cone, and I reported the situation to Messrs. Webley and Scott, the best friends in our country to the gun experimentalist. Accordingly they very promptly chambered one of my spare tubes so that the bore was practically continuous with the interior of the cartridge tube, in a word repeating as nearly as possible muzzle-loading conditions, where the punched disc from a hat formed a sufficient wadding between powder and shot. Twenty rounds of Dickson's loading were fired in one series with the following result:

102 G	110 G	126 G	115 G
114 G	116 G	124 G	122 F
131 G	113 F	111 F	128 F
123 G	130 G	113 G	138 G
115 G	125 G	127 G (ph.)	131 G

Possibly, there never was a better series of patterns from a true cylinder barrel, 16 out of 20 are noted as "good" in general formation, the others as fair, there was not a single cart-wheel, the count was unusually regular, while their average is, as previously, nearer the standard of improved than true cylinder boring. Unfortunately, the only tube that could be spared at the moment had the very big calibre of .750in., against .732 normal, but this at any rate proves that cork can seal the largest bore so long as it is not asked to jump across an excessively tapered cone. If, by good fortune, this tube should explain the origin of cart-wheel patterns, an interesting side-track of the present experiments will have been opened up. Meanwhile I submit a photographic reproduction of round No. 15, which is the type of pattern ranking as good, though by no means exceptional in this series.

THE ESTATE MARKET SALE OF WOLLATON HALL

LORD MIDDLETON has sold Wollaton Hall and the park to the Corporation of Nottingham for £200,000. His Lordship's instructions to Messrs. Thurgood, Martin and Eve to dispose of the seat, and also of 8,600 acres of his Newark land, and Middleton Hall and 3,700 acres in Warwickshire, were announced in the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE of June 7th, and, a week later, we announced that the Corporation of Nottingham would have the first offer of Wollaton. Some five years ago in the Estate Market page the fact that negotiations between Lord Middleton and the Nottingham Corporation were in progress regarding Wollaton was published. This happy realisation of the hopes of the people of Nottingham in this matter will give general gratification.

Wollaton Hall has been the subject of special illustrated articles in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. VIII, page 496; and Vol. XLI, pages 544, 568 and 592). The first-named article dealt mainly with the gardens, which have been called "second only to Chatsworth." A fairly full reference to the history and architecture of Wollaton Hall was given in the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE on June 7th and 14th last. As Sir Martin Conway remarked in these columns seven years ago, "Wollaton is among the very first places of interest in central England" as an example of the great country homes.

BIRTHPLACE OF MALTHUS.

THE ROOKERY, Westcott, between Box Hill and Leith Hill, will be submitted to auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley this month. It was at one time a farmhouse on the edge of the estate of the Evelyns of Wotton, and has been transformed by craftsmen and nature into a picturesque ivy-clad home in surroundings of wondrous beauty. In 1750 it was sold to David Malthus, father of the author of the "Essay on the Principle of Population," who was born at The Rookery in 1766. The estate extends to 177 acres with waterside pleasure grounds, intersected by a trout stream.

Wood Hall, Sunningdale, 6 acres, adjoining the golf links, is shortly to be submitted to auction for Mr. Frank Lazenby.

Clare Lodge, Market Rasen, 45 acres, on the outskirts of the town, is to be offered by auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Mawer, Cooper and Burkitt, locally, in the autumn.

Stoke Park, a property of varied interests at Stoke Poges, includes the house, built in 1789 by Wyatt, for John, the grandson of Penn of Pennsylvania, and within it is a fragment of the elm under which was signed the treaty with the American Indians.

The mansion, or country club, at Stoke Poges, together with the shares of the golf club, will be offered by auction shortly by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in consequence of Mr. N. Lane Jackson's decision to retire.

North Devon property, Lee Manor, near Ilfracombe, a stone manor house and 48 acres, overlooking Lee Bay, has been privately sold since the auction by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock in conjunction with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

Regarding Ickwell Bury estate, which, as announced in these columns last week, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley next Wednesday at Biggleswade, the sale is to include, besides the mansion and farms, Ickwell House or the Old House.

The Cedars, Torquay, is to be offered by auction shortly. The residence, with 1½ acres of grounds, stands on Warberries Hill.

Stratton Hall, Stratton St. Margarets, Wilts, with 30 acres, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in conjunction with Messrs. Thake and Paginton.

MAYFAIR AND OTHER HOUSES.

LORD GLANELY has just bought No. 6, Park Street, Mayfair, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

Sir Herbert Morgan has disposed of No. 29, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, the charming little Georgian house recently specially described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE. Messrs. Wilson and Co., the agents in the matter, have also sold No. 39, Park Street, Mayfair,

in conjunction with Messrs. Hampton and Sons; and houses in Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, and Chester Terrace, Eaton Square. They acted for Lady Crofton, in the purchase of No. 15, Kensington Square, a Queen Anne house, from clients of Messrs. Debenham, Tewson and Chinnocks, announced in the Estate Market page of August 16th; and of the lease of No. 34, Hertford Street, Mayfair, a Willett-built house, from a client of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.

The sale, announced in COUNTRY LIFE of August 23rd, of No. 11, Bolton Street, Piccadilly, once the home of Madame d'Arbly (Fanny Burney), to Messrs. Ewart, Wells and Co., for conversion into the firm's estate and auction offices, was carried out on behalf of executors, by Messrs. Collins and Collins, who have also sold No. 37, Clarges Street, and a corner residence, No. 20A, Manchester Square.

Surrey residential property of unusual charm in the Oxshott district, and no more than twenty miles from London, is for sale by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons. It is a picturesque, well built and admirably equipped house, in grounds of a few acres, in the perfecting of which excellent taste has been exhibited.

Little Hallingbury Hall, two miles from Sawbridgeworth station, with 442 acres, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Goddard and Smith at Bishop's Stortford, next Thursday. The firm is to offer Vaughan Lodge, a freehold at Malvern Wells, on September 11th at their King Street, St. James's, auction rooms.

WARE MANOR HOUSE LET.

SIR SIDNEY CHAPMAN, K.C.B., has this week taken on lease the Manor House, Ware, a residence dating originally from the fifteenth century, through Messrs. Bidwell and Sons, on behalf of the owners, Trinity College, Cambridge. In the College records the house figures as The Old Rectory.

Hatchford Park, the Surrey seat at Cobham, is handy for Epsom, Sandown and Hurst Park, and the modern mansion and 172 acres are for sale, by Messrs. Lofts and Warner. There is good shooting in the woods and plantations, and coarse fishing in the Mole, hunting and golf are also to be had.

The Manor House, Wootton Glanvilles, Dorset, a delightful old house in a park of 20 acres, has been sold by private treaty, by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, in conjunction with Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.

Armstrong House, Stratford-on-Avon, has been sold by Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners and Messrs. Bosley and Harper.

WOOD NORTON SAVED.

THE fate that seemed until a week ago imminent for Wood Norton has been averted, and on the very eve of the auction, announced in these columns on July 10th and August 23rd, by Messrs. Perry and Phillips, Mr. Robert Fellows, the vendor, who bought the seat from executors, for whom Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. were agents, was able to notify us that the mansion and appurtenant land, approximately a square mile, near Evesham had been sold in its entirety.

A pleasantly situated little property of 20 acres, 500ft. above sea level, The Grove, Seal, near Sevenoaks, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor in October.

Ashridge Court, the freehold residential, sporting and farming estate a few miles from Okehampton, and eighteen from Exeter, a house replete with modern comforts and luxuries—and having 90 acres of woods, 300 acres of pasture, and, in all, about 480 acres—well placed for hunting, shooting and fishing, will be sold on the premises, preceding the sale of the furniture, on September 23rd, by Messrs. Constable and Maude, who have on September 30th, in London, to offer High Mead, Dormansland, near East Grinstead.

The Marquis of Cholmondeley's agent and a representative of the firm of Frank Lloyd and Sons, have had conferences in the last few days with the tenantry, with a view to enabling the latter to acquire their holdings rather than run the risk of competition in the public sale room. On the Malpas and Larkton section of the estates about 90 per cent. of the lots were thus privately sold, for a total of £52,790, and conferences were later held with the tenants of the Nantwich land, and £15,790 for that brought the aggregate realisations to £88,333.

KEEN DEMAND FOR FARMS.

THREE farms for £42,600 is the brief chronicle of the Peterborough auction held by Messrs. Jackson Stops, and a local correspondent says "surprise was expressed by many of those who had been bidding at the high prices obtained." The sale was for executors. Two of the farms, Terrington Lands, 218 acres, for £9,900, and Portsand, 238 acres, for £11,200, lie in the Isle of Ely, and the third, Abbey Parks, and 533 acres, for which £21,500 was the price, at Swinehead, near Boston.

Lord Ashburton will dispose of outlying parts of the Grange estate, Alresford, at Winchester, on September 15th, through Messrs. Warrington and Co., who have already sold some of the 2,650 acres.

Mr. G. E. D. Langley has decided to dispose of Corsley House between Frome and Warminster, and has entrusted the sale by private treaty to Messrs. Norfolk and Prior. The property has recently been the subject of a considerable expenditure upon restoration and modernisation, and is an interesting old house, built of stone, partly of the Jacobean period, with the original mullioned windows; the remainder being Georgian.

At Christchurch Messrs. Fox and Sons sold properties by direction of the trustees of the late Mr. James Druitt. There was a crowded attendance and building sites readily found purchasers. Latch Farm, 100 acres on the outskirts of the town, was sold privately prior to the auction. The total realisations were £10,295.

Sales by Messrs. Giddy and Giddy through their Winchester office included: (Hampshire)—Overbury Farm, Alton; Bridge House, Stockbridge; Greatbridge Dairy Farm, Romsey; Shappon, Kings Somborne; Per Ardua, Colden Common; Rosebank, Awbridge; Little Danehurst, Hordle; Fair View Farm, Stockbridge; Plashes, Compton; and Knowle Lodge, Fair Oak. (Berkshire)—Shaw Fruit Farm, Newbury. (Sussex)—Pratts Farm, Barns Green, and (Lincolnshire)—Priory Farm, Castle Bytham.

GREAT YORKSHIRE SALES.

THE sale of Bewerley estate, in Nidderdale, 15,000 acres, by Messrs. Hollis and Webb, for £150,000, was announced in the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE on August 9th. Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners inform us that portions of the property are to be resold by their client, the purchaser at the recent Harrogate auction. The sale will include Bewerley Hall, an imposing residence, beautifully situated in a park in the Valley of the Nidd, also two smaller residences known as Bewerley House and the Priest's House, the latter being a fine specimen of a Tudor manor house, the walls of the lower rooms being panelled to their entire height in oak, while one of the upper chambers has an elaborately ornamented ceiling. There is also a home farm of 40 acres, nineteen sheep, dairy and stock-raising farms, varying from 25 to 280 acres; practically the whole village of Bewerley, including a Georgian residence known as Grassfield House, Pateley Bridge Cattle Market, Fountains Earth and Stean Moors, building sites and small holdings, the whole extending to 7,000 acres. The firm is also dealing with the Wigglesworth estate, situate between Skipton and Settle, about three miles west of Hellfield.

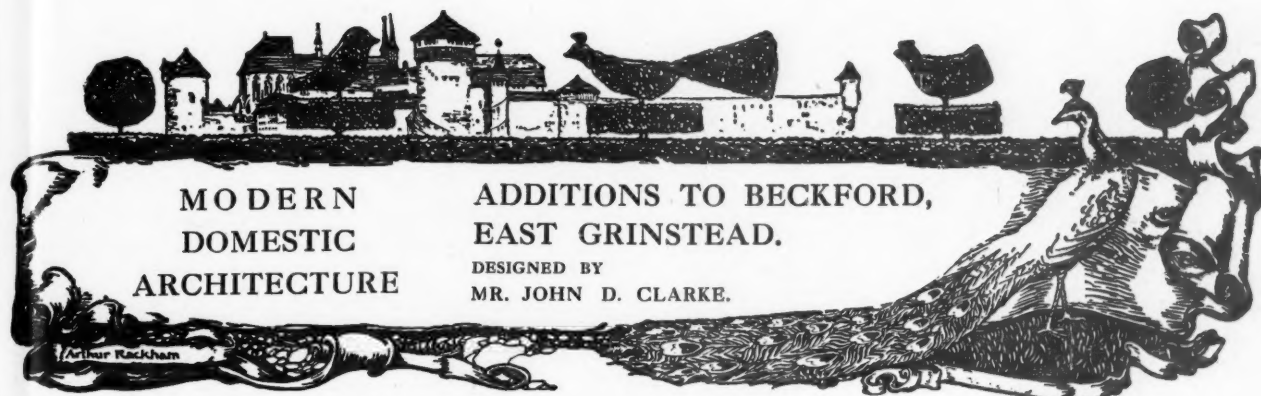
EASTWELL PARK SOLD.

MR. MAX BAKER'S article on the sporting qualities of Eastwell Park (COUNTRY LIFE, March 26th, 1921), will be remembered in connection with the announcement that the East Kent mansion, once the seat of the late Duke of Edinburgh, has been sold by Mr. Dan Osborn, who has held it for the last two or three years.

The transaction has been carried out by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. We believe that the buyer intends to have the mansion much reduced in size, and that the boundaries of the land attached to it will be somewhat rearranged by the inclusion of some hundreds of acres.

An illustrated article on Eastwell was published in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. i, page 378). When Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley sold the estate in 1921 it extended to 3,960 acres.

ARBITER.



MODERN
DOMESTIC
ARCHITECTURE

ADDITIONS TO BECKFORD,
EAST GRINSTEAD.

DESIGNED BY
MR. JOHN D. CLARKE.

ACOUSTICS and large open fires are two of the uncertainties. You can never be sure beforehand what a room will be like for sound, and about large open fires there is always a doubt as to whether they will smoke or not. In the music-room shown below both these uncertainties have been resolved, for the room is admirable for sound, and the open fire in it has never given any trouble with smoke. It is worth while to go into a few details of these two matters. Acoustics being such an evasive science, it seems to be impossible to formulate just what will be successful, but the proportions of a room, its surface treatment and its furnishings, all play a part in the result. The music-room now under consideration is right in all respects. It is right, first, in its proportions, the length being 30ft., the width 20ft., and the height about 12ft.; and it is equally right in its surface finish and its furnishings. The floor is laid with oak boarding, the walls are faced with a plaster trowelled with a wood float, and there is a cove between them and the ceiling, which is quite flat and unbroken. A hard smooth plaster surface was avoided both on walls and ceiling, and there is no doubt that the particular surface here given has a good deal to do with the acoustics. The room is especially well suited to chamber music, and its owner, Mr. Percy Sharman, who himself is an accomplished musician, finds the greatest pleasure in it.

But apart altogether from its good sound qualities, the room has another merit in being very comfortable and restful. It is furnished in an informal way, and the lighting is most agreeably



THE NEW WING.

arranged, there being a window towards one end of the long inner wall and a bay, with high windows on its three sides, centrally placed on the opposite side of the room. This arrangement gives soft shadows and strong high lights. It also makes the room appear considerably larger than it actually is, thus

proving that size is not solely a matter of feet and inches.

Now a word as to the open fireplace. This has a bold bolection moulding of Buxted stone, the opening being about 6ft. across, with a height of about 4ft. to the underside of the opening. The throat of the chimney is swept up in a somewhat sharp curve, and this, combined with the setting back of the fire, contributes primarily to the entire freedom from smoke trouble. The wood fire burns on the hearth. Mr. John D. Clarke, the architect who has carried out the work, understands this matter as few architects do.

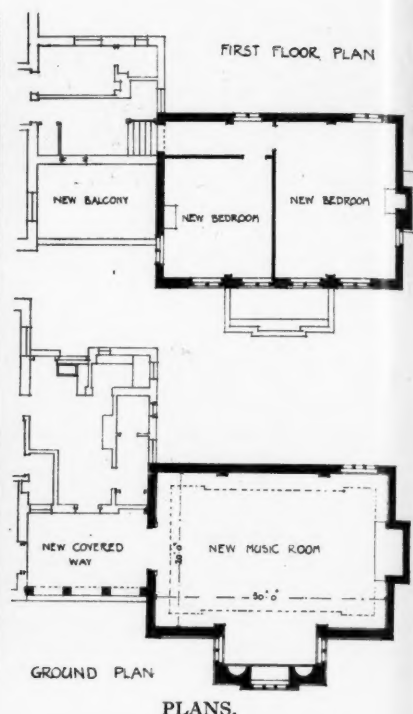
The music-room is the principal feature in the additions to Beckford, but the covered way which connects it with the main part of the house is of more than passing interest. It has three arched openings filled



MUSIC ROOM.



BAY IN MUSIC ROOM.



PLANS.

with steel and glass doors, so made that they can be lifted off their hinges. Thus, in summertime an open loggia is secured, while in winter and spring, with the doors in position, a sort of sun parlour is obtained. The floor is laid with tiles, and the walls are cream colour-washed, a note of bright colour being introduced by the glazed doors which lead into the music-room, these doors being painted a Chinese red. Upstairs the addition has provided two extra bedrooms, but these call for no special remark.

The exterior treatment is noteworthy. The house was an exceedingly difficult one to add to, for it is characteristically Victorian, not only in its design, but also in the materials of which it is built—hard yellowish bricks with a slated roof. At first sight it would have seemed impossible to put any good design into a new wing without divorcing this entirely from the old, but Mr. Clarke has succeeded in doing so by adopting an austere treatment and by using zin. yellowish stock bricks, which, fortunately, were obtainable locally. R. R. P.

IS SHOOTING DIFFICULT?

HOW shot-gun shooting stands as a game of skill compared with pure pastimes is a subject which I have often discussed, but never to reach any satisfactory conclusion. My own contention is that the contribution of human skill is necessarily small compared with such a game as tennis, the conditions of which present not only unlimited opportunities for practice, but bring into the arena a vastly greater number of aspirants. Shooting is to a great extent limited to the few who command opportunities for indulgence, their number including many to whom the introduction comes late in life. Its processes are, moreover, elementary in that an instrument performs most of the work, mere guidance being demanded from the wielder. Oftentimes, when watching preliminary seasonal practice, I have noticed these comparative enthusiasts shaking their arms to rid them of cramp sensations at the elbow, the gun having been safely stowed since the last shot of last season in the cupboard or at the gun-maker's. Compare this with the tennis enthusiast to whom hard or covered courts form an off-season relaxation, with much strenuous badminton besides. Or again, take, in relation to even the best filled shooting programme, the string of tournaments which run from June to October, likewise the relative number of "strokes" in a day at each game. From this point of view a much higher standard of shooting skill than is commonly evinced might easily be cultivated by those able and willing to devote time to practice. How few there are who can even mount a gun in a manner earning the approval of the connoisseur and how much smaller the proportion of the elect who can time a perfect release.

The main obstacle to attaining higher proficiency is the lack of opportunity for that multiplicity of shots which breeds confidence and ease. Practice at clay birds offers an easy solution of the difficulty, but unhappily the sport as practised on club lines has become a thing apart, and for that reason suffers in reputation as a means of attaining proficiency under sporting conditions. If the bird is thrown away from the firing stand it so soon gets out of range as to necessitate undue hastening of aim and, worse still, the gun-at-shoulder stance. At shooting schools birds truly representing game conditions are provided, but these too often beat the gun to serve the needs of those to whom progress is only possible along the road of success. There is, moreover, rather an appalling bill to pay at the finish. I have often advocated in this column the purchase of one or more traps and their setting up on private ground to throw birds

identical in flight with those most commonly occurring in sport. If a party is assembled the even then rather heavy cost of consumables is divided and so becomes reasonable to the individual. Latterly among regimental officers a number of incidental practices of the kind suggested have been held, the Nobel Company, in pursuit of perfectly legitimate business ends, having given encouragement through the medium of their local representative, the gunsmith. At the Edgbaston Gun Club, under the auspices of Messrs. Westley Richards, another form has been given to the idea, that is, a regular club has been formed, but the birds are "shown" not on conventional club lines but as game bird flight reproductions. There are immense possibilities in the several ideas which occur to mind, the main stimulus to constructive thought being the relative lack of skill displayed by shooters as a body of sporting exponents.

The main need as it has always struck me is a species of standardisation for the apparatus. Traps must be firmly bedded on a moderately sound foundation. This may be battens bordering a ground pit or even a sunk tub, similarly a tree stump standing breast high or any more elevated platform that may be desired. Ingenious ideas for taking a semi-portable trap from one foundation to the other exist in plenty, but there is not as yet a trap in general use capable of instant fixing to a simple base such as may be left in the open. Hand throwers are good fun, but few can master the difficulties of their use. They are, moreover, dangerous to the operator, who of necessity occupies, if not the zone of fire, at any rate the area where guns are pointed. If at regimental headquarters the sundry and various needs of the situation could be reduced to practical working form a useful lead would be given. Training ground and rifle ranges provide plentiful accommodation, assistance is available on the spot, also a body of sporting enthusiasts whose shooting invitations might well stimulate a few bouts of practice. Having regard to the importance in shooting of knowing the spread of the charge from either barrel at all ranges I would certainly recommend the inclusion in all installations of a 6ft. square iron plate. A pan of whitewash, a distemper brush screwed to a broom handle complete the outfit. With it a man would learn the best killing distance of his gun and the precision of aim needed to include his quarry in the killing circle. Nearly every shooter confesses that he is beaten by a sitting rabbit, but only the "plate" can show why he misses. It also teaches how easily other shots can be missed through indifferent alignment. M. B.